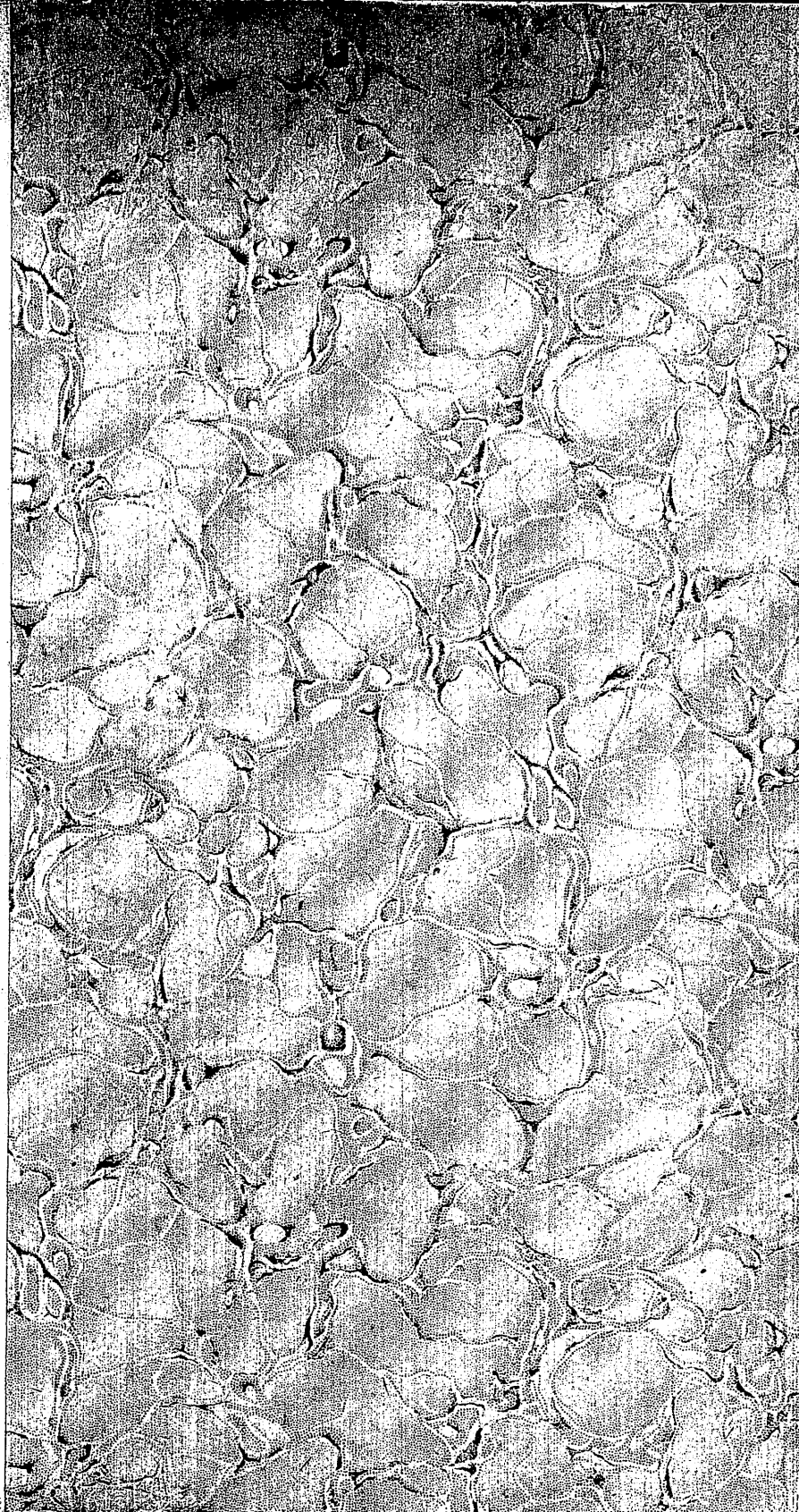


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FOUR PEACE PLAYS

With Worship Services

Compiled by

LYDIA GLOVER DESEO

for

THE WORLD PEACE COMMISSION OF THE
METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH

In Collaboration with

THE DIVISION OF PLAYS AND PAGEANTS



THE METHODIST BOOK CONCERN

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FOREWORD

THE Methodist Episcopal Church has set for itself the task of educating its people along lines of International Relations and Good Will. The General Conference of 1924 passed a strong resolution asking the church to conduct an educational program that would create "the will to peace," "conditions for peace," and "organization for peace." Peace education material has been created from time to time and is finding its way into Sunday-school lessons and young people's discussion groups.

The General Conference of 1928 appointed another Commission and instructed it to carry on a program of peace education. A part of the Commission's work is the preparation of programs for special days such as Armistice Day, World Good Will Day, Memorial Day, Fourth of July, etc. These worship services and one-act plays have been prepared with these days in mind, but they are suitable for church services at any other time, especially for evening services of young people. They can be used in the small church as well as the large, as the needs of the small church that does not have large facilities for dramatic purposes have been kept in mind.

We believe they have three contributions to make to the life of the church. First, they will give some information which ought to be in the minds of all. The one entitled "The Pact of Paris" is especially good in this respect, since it brings definitely before the audience the articles of this famous pact. In the second place, such services give the young people of the church something to do. Young people as a rule are interested in dramatics, and a dramatic church service appeals to them. The third contribution is the high ideals of International Good Will and Brotherhood emphasized in all four of these dramatic services.

They are sent out with the hope and prayer that they will be of value to many congregations in creating an interest in the subject uppermost in the minds of churchmen and statesmen to-day—International Co-operation and Good Will.

ALVIN C. GODDARD.

I. THE RENUNCIATION OF WAR

MATERIALS

REFERENCES—

A. H., The Abingdon Hymnal. The Methodist Book Concern.
M. H., The Methodist Hymnal. The Methodist Book Concern.
H. A. Y., Hymnal for American Youth. The Century Co.
A. S. H., American Student Hymnal. The Century Co.
C. S. H. Y., Church School Hymnal For Youth. Presbyterian Board of Christian Education.

MUSIC: *Prelude*: "Largo," from "New World Symphony," Dvorak.

Hymns: "When Wilt Thou Save the People?" H. A. Y., No. 227; or, "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life," A. H., No. 131; M. H., No. 423; H. A. Y., No. 222.

"God of Our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand," A. H., No. 225; M. H., No. 704; H. A. Y., No. 245; or "These Things Shall Be, a Loftier Race," A. H., No. 137; H. A. Y., No. 253.

Responsive Reading (see below).

PLAY: "The Pact of Paris," by Helen L. Willcox (see page 9).

ORDER OF SERVICE

PRELUDE: "Largo," from "New World Symphony," Dvorak.

OPENING HYMN: "When Wilt Thou Save the People?" H. A. Y., No. 227; or "Where Cross the Crowded Ways of Life," A. H., No. 131; M. H., No. 423; H. A. Y., No. 222.

RESPONSIVE READING:

Leader: And there shall come forth a rod out of the stem of Jesse, and a branch shall grow out of his roots:

Assembly: And the spirit of the Lord shall rest upon him, the spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of the Lord;

Leader: And shall make him of quick understanding in the fear of the Lord: and he shall not judge after the sight of his eyes, neither reprove after the hearing of his ears:

Assembly: But with righteousness shall he judge the poor, and reprove with equity for the meek of the earth:

Leader: And righteousness shall be the girdle of his loins, and faithfulness the girdle of his reins.

Assembly: And he will judge between many peoples, and will decide concerning strong nations afar off:

Leader: And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks:

Assembly: Nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

All: The wolf also shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together; and a little child shall lead them.

Then shall the MINISTER say:

On this occasion as we meet together to consider a subject which is uppermost in the minds of so many of the world's great leaders to-day, it is appropriate that we refresh our memories by reviewing briefly an event of far-reaching and undying significance to all the nations of the world.

On August 27, 1928, at Paris, France, there met together in solemn conclave the President of the German Reich; the President of the United States of America; his Majesty the King of the Belgians; the President of the French Republic; his Majesty the King of Great Britain, Ireland, and the British dominions beyond the seas, Emperor of India; his Majesty the King of Italy; his Majesty the Emperor of Japan; the President of the Republic of Poland; and the President of the Czechoslovak Republic.

"Persuaded that the time has come when a frank renunciation of war as an instrument of national policy should be made. . . . Convinced that all changes in their relations with one another should be sought only by pacific means. . . . Hopeful that, encouraged by their example, all the other nations of the world will join in this humane endeavor," these parties decided to conclude a Treaty.

We shall read in unison two articles of this Treaty:

"The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare in the name of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another."

"The High Contracting Parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever

origin they may be, which may arise among them,—shall never be sought except by pacific means.”

PRAYER (Offered by the minister, thanking God for the part our nation has already been privileged to play in a pact of the various nations of the world, looking toward World Peace; and asking for further and increasing opportunity to let our influence be felt in this international movement toward the Better Day.)

HYMN: “God of our Fathers, Whose Almighty Hand,” A. H., No. 225; M. H., No. 704; H. A. Y., No. 245; or, “These Things Shall Be, a Loftier Race,” A. H., No. 137; H. A. Y., No. 253.

PLAY: “The Pact of Paris,” by Helen L. Willcox.¹

THE PACT OF PARIS

(A ONE-ACT PLAY)

TIME: The Present. Morning.

PLACE: The capital city of an imaginary small kingdom, somewhere in Europe, on the seacoast; an informal audience chamber in the Royal Palace.

PERSONS (*In the order of their appearance*):

FIRST SOLDIER.

SECOND SOLDIER.

MANUELA—A Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess; daughter of the Regent.

SOLFERINO—A Courtier.

PAMELA—A Lady-in-Waiting to the Princess.

DARBELA—A Courtier.

KING TOULE—A young man, about 21 years old.

THE PRINCESS—A young woman, about 24 years old; sister of the King.

THE REGENT—A man of middle age.

THE PRIME MINISTER—A man of middle age, or somewhat older.

A PAGE—A young boy. (*May be played by a girl.*)

SETTING: A small audience room for informal hearings, etc. At Right Center is a dais, placed diagonally, and on it are two throne-like chairs, side by side. On each front corner of the upper step is a cushion. The chairs should be two steps above the floor of the room. There is no other furniture.

The dominating feature of the room is a great window across

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the back, opening on the sea. The window sill is just high enough to cut off the view of the harbor and the ships passing close to the shore. All that we see is the vast expanse of blue sea and blue sky, and the line that divides the two. The effect is almost that of being on the deck of a steamer. (*Note: See "Production Notes" for suggestions as to achieving this effect.*)

There is a door at Left, and there may be another at Right, but that is not essential to the action. There should be a strip of carpet spread over the dais and down the steps, extending toward the door at Left.

The light is that of an ordinary interior in daylight; but there should be an effect of brilliant sunlight outside the window.

The stage is empty at the beginning of the play. Immediately two soldiers march in, the second about six feet behind the first. The first proceeds to Right, and takes a position just to the Left and rear of the dais. The second stops in a corresponding position at Left. Both turn front with a somewhat exaggerated military flourish, clicking their heels. Then they stand stiffly, holding their chins in the air, and their eyes straight forward, fixed in an unseeing stare. After standing thus a moment, each one turns his eyes as far as he can toward the other, without moving his head, and then turns them back toward Front again, very quickly. This is repeated several times. Then, since nothing happens, the First Soldier speaks cautiously, in a gruff undertone, and still without moving his head from its rigid pose.

FIRST SOLDIER: How long do we stand like this?

SECOND SOLDIER (*In the same manner, without moving his head*): S-h!

How do I know? Till the audience is over!

FIRST SOLDIER: But I have a crick in my neck already!

SECOND SOLDIER: That's because you're not used to it.

FIRST SOLDIER: Well, why in *thunder*—?

SECOND SOLDIER: Sh-h! Haven't I *told* you? His Honor, the Regent, thought his Majesty, the King, would like it.

FIRST SOLDIER: And if he *does* like it—then we're to stay like this for the rest of our lives, I suppose!

SECOND SOLDIER (*Slumping perceptibly*): Maybe he won't like it.

FIRST SOLDIER (*Turning his eyes as far toward Left as he can; sternly*): Look out! You're wilting!

(*The SECOND SOLDIER stiffens into his rigid attitude again, with a sort of spasm.*)

FIRST SOLDIER: I suppose the Regent isn't really Regent, any more, now the King's come home.

SECOND SOLDIER: But when a man's been *regenting* for twenty-one years, it must get to be a habit. He could hardly stop overnight.

FIRST SOLDIER: He'd better *not* stop, if all they say about the young King is true!

SECOND SOLDIER: Sh-h! (*With the manner of one possessing inside information*) The fact is, he has been kept in seclusion in an Oriental palace, until —.

FIRST SOLDIER: I know all that as well as you do! They say he knows nothing of the present-day world at all.

(*Voices and light laughter are heard, off Left.*)

SECOND SOLDIER: Sh-h! The fair Manuela!

FIRST SOLDIER (*Listening*): The Regent's daughter—and the Prime Minister's son!

SECOND SOLDIER: Manuela has been kind to Solferino lately!

FIRST SOLDIER (*Significantly*): Up to last night.

SECOND SOLDIER: Oh, well! His Majesty had just arrived! What would you?

FIRST SOLDIER: Sh-h! They're at this end of the gallery.

(*The voices are now heard clearly, and in a moment, MANUELA comes in quickly, from Left, with a gay little trill of laughter. She is looking back provokingly over her shoulder at SOLFERINO, who follows a few steps behind. Neither notices the soldiers, since they turn toward Front immediately.*)

MANUELA: Oh, Solferino! I believe you are jealous!

SOLFERINO: Certainly not! Only, I confess I cannot see why a girl of your mentality should be so taken with this boy, who seems to belong to an obsolete civilization.

MANUELA: Some people can move from one civilization into another faster than—faster even than *you*, Solferino, can slide from one infatuation to the next!

SOLFERINO (*Pleadingly*): Manuela!

MANUELA: Besides, it isn't his fault, if he is a little—just a little—

SOLFERINO: Just a *little*—out of date?

MANUELA: Well, if *you'd* been shut up in an oasis in the Sahara Desert all your life, with nobody but old men for teachers, maybe *you'd* be a little out of touch with things yourself!

SOLFERINO: There, there! He's a nice little King, so he is!

(*MANUELA turns away from him with a gesture and ejaculation of impatience.*)

SOLFERINO (*Repentantly*): Manuela! Forgive me! I've been beastly.
It's only because —.

MANUELA (*Turning back to him, suddenly quite serious*): I know!
Solferino! Do you know what this audience is for, this morning?

SOLFERINO (*After reflection*): It may be the trouble on the Border. I
understand matters are getting worse, in spite of all we can do.

MANUELA: Your father and mine have both tried so hard! I suppose,
now, they will have to appeal to the League. (*Pause.*) Solferino!

SOLFERINO: Yes?

MANUELA (*Laughing a little, nervously*): Oh, nothing! It's very
foolish of me, of course, but—(*She suddenly goes close to him*).
Oh, Solferino, I'm so worried!

SOLFERINO (*Much concerned*): Worried! Why, Manuela, what is
there to worry you?

MANUELA: That's just it! I don't know *what* it is! But I'm all
shivery—as if something were going to happen!

SOLFERINO (*Feelingly*): I wish something would! This place is get-
ting too slow.

MANUELA: But, Solferino! You don't understand! I'm—I'm *frightened*.

SOLFERINO (*In astonishment*): Frightened! *You*, Manuela, frightened?

MANUELA (*Evidently controlling herself by an effort*): If I only knew
just what it is I'm afraid of—I—I think I wouldn't be.

SOLFERINO: Now, my dear, you just tell old Sol all about it.

MANUELA: Well, you see, it's this way! The world has been changing
so fast in the last few years—since the World War—and, of
course, while father was Regent he tried to have our country keep
up with the others in every way we *could*, and—oh! I've always
been so proud of him!

SOLFERINO: So are we all!

MANUELA: But somehow, since the King has come, I can't help won-
dering if he is going to be as pleased over the things father has
done as—(*with a laugh very near to tears*)—as his daughter is!

SOLFERINO: Well, if he *isn't* pleased, it's just because he—he—.

(*Voices are heard, off Left, and PAMELA and DARBELA enter.*)

DARBELA: Discussing his Majesty? (*He stops short at sight of the
two soldiers. After staring for a moment, he goes a little closer
to the SECOND SOLDIER and bends down to look up into his face.
Then he turns to the other young people.*) Tell me the truth! Is
this real, or am I—.

SOLFERINO (*To the Second Soldier*): Have you been here all the time?

(*The SECOND SOLDIER gives a nervous, jerky little shrug, opens
his mouth, closes it again, rolls his eyes, but remains silent. After*

watching this pantomime the young people turn to look at the FIRST SOLDIER, who solemnly winks one eye, otherwise remaining immovable. The four young people silently turn to look at each other.)

PAMELA: Are they going to be in a movie?

MANUELA (*Laughing, still nervously*): Oh, I remember, now! It was father's idea. You see, his Majesty's mother was partly Moorish. That's why, when she was dying, she sent him off to be brought up in that outlandish place! And father thought that, with his background, he might want a little more formality about an audience.

SOLFERINO: How interesting! Are we to approach the throne on our knees?

(The FIRST SOLDIER laughs a very quick, short laugh; but instantly, as the young people turn to look at him, his face becomes set, like a mask.)

DARBELA (*Seriously*): I have a feeling that his Moorish blood may demand something more than formality.

MANUELA (*Quickly*): What do you mean, Darbela?

DARBELA: Oh, it was nothing! I happened to be standing near him yesterday while the Princess (*he stifles a yawn*), with true sisterly devotion, was showing him the gallery. They had just come to that abominable old weapon that is said to be the sword of Toulain. His Majesty gazed at it as if it had been Excalibur itself, and murmured, "The sword of my dreams!"

MANUELA (*Flippant because of her increasing fear*): Well, don't we all dream of things we never expect to do? *I've* always wanted to keep chickens!

PAMELA (*Looking off to Left*): Here they come! The Princess, and —his Majesty!

MANUELA: And my father (*to Solferino, softly*),—and yours.

(The four young people arrange themselves at either side of the approach to the throne, the COURTIERs being nearer the dais, and the LADIES-IN-WAITING farther from it. The lines thus formed should not be parallel to the strip of carpet, but, rather, radiating from the dais. The proceedings generally should have a slight touch of ceremony without being strictly formal.)

As the KING and the PRINCESS enter, from Left, the four young people bow. The girls may curtsy, if desired.

The KING and PRINCESS are followed by the REGENT and the PRIME MINISTER. And they, in turn, are followed by a PAGE, who carries the Great Seal on a velvet cushion. When the KING has advanced about half way to the dais, he pauses, looking out of the

great window. *The PRINCESS and the others pause also, the PRINCESS being a step behind the KING, and on the down-stage side.*)

KING (*Turning front to speak to the PRINCESS*): The world looks in upon us, here. (*His tone suggests that he has doubts of the propriety of this open-air effect.*)

PRINCESS: And we look out upon the world, your Highness. It is the modern way. Much pleasanter.

(After another glance at the window the KING gives his hand to the PRINCESS and escorts her to her chair, on the down-stage side of the dais, then seats himself in the other chair.)

The PRINCESS indicates by gestures that the LADIES-IN-WAITING are to be seated. The LADIES bow, and the COURTIERs escort them to the dais, where they sit on the cushions, at the front corners of the upper step. MANUELA is on the down-stage side of the dais. SOLFERINO then moves back to Left Front, and DARBELA moves to Left Back and then crosses to stand with Solferino at Left Front.

The REGENT and the PRIME MINISTER have paused a little left of Center, and the PAGE, still farther Left.)

KING: We are now ready to give audience.

(The REGENT and PRIME MINISTER bow, and advance to a position about six feet from the front of the dais. Then the REGENT, who is on the up-stage side, advances about two feet nearer the dais and bows again, first to the KING and then to the PRINCESS.)

REGENT: Your Majesty. Your Royal Highness. On this happy occasion of your Majesty's first audience it is my duty and my honor to surrender into your Majesty's hands the Great Seal of the kingdom, which, as Regent, I have held, and used, for twenty-one years past. (*He turns slightly toward the PAGE, who moves slowly toward the dais, holding the cushion carefully out in front of him. When he is quite close to the REGENT, he stops. The REGENT lifts the Great Seal reverently from the cushion and turns back to the dais.*) The Heraldry upon the Seal sets forth the symbol of your Majesty's illustrious ancestor—the nation-builder, Toulerrain. You see hereon the *Torch*, that lighted beacon fires on the hills of many warring tribes, when King Toulerrain had welded them together—made a *Nation* of the disunited fragments of a race! Then first a signal flashed from tribe to tribe—a pledge of peace and faith! (*There is an infectious enthusiasm in his eyes and voice. He gives the Seal to the King.*)

KING (*Taking the Seal and speaking with eager pride*): Well I know the tale of Toulerrain! Back to the mountains he harried our

enemies—gave us the coast plain, and harbor. Land that he won from the neighboring people is ours to this day! If his spirit looks down on us now, let him hear the high vow I have taken: to reign as he reigned, and to dare as he dared, for the realm.

(As the KING speaks the words of the vow, he holds the Seal high in his left hand, that is, the up-stage hand, gazing at it. Then he lowers it and gives it back to the REGENT, who replaces it on the cushion. The PAGE steps backward to the door, Left, bows over his cushion, and goes out.)

KING: We will now give our attention to affairs of state.

(The PRIME MINISTER moves a few steps forward and bows.)

PRIME MINISTER: Your Majesty. *(Bowing to the PRINCESS.)* Your Royal Highness.

KING: It is our pleasure to hear our Prime Minister.

(The PAGE appears again, without his cushion, and remains near the door at Left.)

PRIME MINISTER: Your Majesty, it is a grief to us that immediately upon your accession to the throne of your father we must bring to your Majesty grave difficulties of government, but so it is.

KING: Proceed.

PRIME MINISTER: Your Majesty, for many years there has been trouble on the border, between our people and the Hill tribes of our neighbor state, beyond. In spite of all our efforts, raids take place, and there is intermittent fighting of the tribesmen.

KING *(An alert, eager interest in his attitude and voice)*: For what cause?

PRIME MINISTER: Your Majesty, it is not easy to determine. Our people on the border seem to be a peaceful farming folk, and they complain of unprovoked marauding by the Hill men. However, more than once, investigation has disclosed that farmers of the Plain have plowed up grazing meadows in the lower hills belonging to our neighbor land by ancient right. Then, when the herdsmen ride, to drive them back, they call it *raiding*.

KING *(After thinking a moment)*: Why do they crave the upland meadows for their farms?

PRIME MINISTER: Your Majesty, they do not crave the meadows; they would gladly sow and reap upon the level Plain. But modern methods—implements—of agriculture make it possible for them to cultivate more acres, and the demands of our growing cities make it profitable. Therefore they desire to take up more, and still more land, for farming.

KING *(In a ringing voice)*: And they shall have it! Ancient enemies

we are! It was that very people whom Toulerein drove back into the mountains. Now the time has come to drive them farther back! (To the SECOND SOLDIER, the one nearer the door) Bring me the Sword of Toulerein!

(The SECOND SOLDIER salutes and goes out, Left, quickly. The PRIME MINISTER turns so as to face more toward Front and steps back a pace or two, watching the soldier. The whole Court, except the KING, are paralyzed with astonishment, darting quick glances at each other. But no one dares to interrupt the KING, and he is so rapt in his dreams that he does not perceive their lack of response.)

KING (Slowly): I am King Toule. I too shall push the boundaries back—enlarge the kingdom—earn the right to add the ancient title, and be known by the great name of Toulerein!

(Just here the SECOND SOLDIER appears at the door, Left, carrying the sword on his two arms outstretched in front of him. He advances toward the dais. The KING rises and descends one step to meet him. As he lifts the sword from the arms of the soldier he goes on speaking.)

The right to wield the Sword of Toulerein!

(The KING holds the sword with the hilt pointing up, and as he speaks the last words, he lifts it higher than his head and gazes up at it with the reverence of a youthful hero-worshiper and the zeal of a crusader.

There is a moment of silence, while he remains gazing at the sword. The amazement of the Court is rapidly turning to alarm. MANUELA is obviously frightened, leaning forward and breathing very hard, clutching the edge of the step where she is sitting.

It presently dawns upon the KING that no response is forthcoming from his Court. He slowly lowers the sword and hands it back to the soldier, who does not know what to do with it. After glancing about him once or twice in an uncertain way, he bows jerkily and steps backward on the strip of carpet until he has reached a place in front of his original position, when he moves back to that spot.

Meanwhile, the KING resumes his place upon the dais and surveys the Court. He finally decides that he is wasting heroics on those present, and turns to the PRIME MINISTER with a haughty disdain expressed in attitude and voice.)

KING: Where are my men-at-arms?

PRIME MINISTER (Coughing and hesitating a little): Your Majesty,

the chief military experts of the country are absent—attending a Disarmament Conference.

(The KING gazes at the PRIME MINISTER for a moment in complete bewilderment. Then he turns his head slowly toward the REGENT, then toward the COURTIERs at Left Front, and finally to the PRINCESS in baffled wonder, as if beseeching her to tell him what this means. The PRINCESS feels him turning toward her, and looks wildly at the COURTIERs and down at MANUELA, without moving her head. Her hand is clutching the arm of her chair tightly. Finally she turns to the KING. She sees in his face a suggestion of boyish helplessness that appeals to her sisterly sympathy, and she relaxes from her attitude of fear, and speaks quite naturally.)

PRINCESS: Your Highness, several things have happened during the last decade. A League of Nations has been formed; there is a World Court; and a Pact was signed at Paris—.

KING *(Interrupting her)*: And what have all these things to do with me, or with my kingdom?

PRINCESS: Well, you see, our country is a member of the League, and—

KING *(With mounting anger)*: Who says my country is a member of this League?

(There is a breathless silence for an instant, MANUELA leaning forward to look at her father, one hand at her throat. Then the REGENT steps forward and bows.)

REGENT: Your Majesty, believing that it would have been your wish, had you been here, . . . I signed the Covenant.

KING *(Stiffening with a dangerous repression)*: Ah! I see! And this Pact? You have signed that too?

REGENT *(Bowing)*: I have, your Majesty.

KING: Let a copy of the document be brought.

(The REGENT turns to the PRIME MINISTER, and he turns to the PAGE standing near the door, Left.)

PRIME MINISTER *(To PAGE)*: Bring the standard, from my office.

(The PAGE bows and goes out, Left.)

KING: Who are the nations who are members of this League?

REGENT: Most of the great nations of the world, your Majesty.

KING: Including the United States?

REGENT *(Hesitating)*: American statesmen have played a leading part in the development of all these international agreements.

(He hesitates, and the PRIME MINISTER continues.)

PRIME MINISTER: Unfortunately, your Majesty, the question of join-

ing, the League was made a matter of political controversy over there, and much misunderstanding resulted. For that reason, the United States has not yet become a member of the League.

REGENT: But the heart of the American people is in the movement for World Peace, and (*his enthusiasm carries him away, and he forgets for the moment that the KING is not with him*) they, with fourteen others, signed the Pact of Paris, to which about sixty nations now adhere.

(*The PAGE now appears at door, Left, carrying, with a deep sense of importance, a large copy of Articles One and Two of the Pact of Paris, in a light frame or mounted on a piece of satin, and hung from a standard. He advances slowly to Center and stops, holding the standard so that the KING may see the Pact.*)

KING: Ah! So! This is the banner under which my people march to-day? Let the Pact be read!

REGENT (*Reading slowly and with great solemnity*): "Article One. The high contracting parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another.

"Article Two. The high contracting parties agree that the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts, of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means."

KING (*Still controlling himself by a great effort*): And what "pacific means," may I inquire, would these "high contracting parties" recommend, for the solution of our trouble?

PRIME MINISTER: Your Majesty, if we should bring this matter to the attention of the Council of the League of Nations, and they should recommend a settlement; then if *we* agree to their solution, the other nation will be bound to respect it also.

KING (*Rising; sternly*): Enough! It is well we have come to our kingdom! (*He looks down upon them challengingly.*) That the land of Toulerrain should come to this! We lift the Sword of Toulerrain, and *you*—our Ministers!—you raise the banner of an endless truce! But I will not *believe* the land my fathers ruled is left without brave men who'll follow me to battle! (*He faces the REGENT.*) I, King Toule, do not acknowledge any signature to such a shameful Pact! (*To the PAGE.*) Cast down that banner!

(*The PAGE, terrified, starts to lower the banner, but hesitates to let it touch the floor. The whole Court holds its breath.*)

KING: *Down*, I say, upon the ground! (*To the REGENT.*) And you shall trample on it!

(*THE PRIME MINISTER and the COURTIERs move quickly and impulsively toward the PAGE, to save the banner, but before they can reach it, the REGENT snatches it from the PAGE and lifts it high.*)

REGENT: Sire, it cannot be! This banner shall not touch the ground while strength is in my arm to hold it up!

SOLFERINO: Or mine!

DARBELA: Or mine!

KING (*Enraged*): You *dare* defy me?

REGENT: It is the people's will! There *are* brave men throughout this nation who will follow this to prison—to death, if need be!

KING (*Grimly*): They shall be given opportunity! But *I*, King Toule, go forth to battle with my ancient foe!

(*The PRINCESS suddenly rises and stands beside the KING, stretching out her arm and pointing slightly downward, as if to something below the window, invisible to the audience.*)

PRINCESS: Brother, look down upon the harbor! See the ships at anchor, loading with goods to sell in distant ports. If you should do this thing, our ships would be shut out from almost every port around the world; our nationals cut off from intercourse with other peoples; all our commerce blocked. And we, ourselves, would be the outcasts of the earth, regarded with contempt by all—with fear by *none*!

(*The force of her conviction has held the KING in silent amazement and when she stops speaking he turns slowly to look at her, and then at the PRIME MINISTER.*)

KING: Can this be true?

PRIME MINISTER: It is all true, your Majesty. If we should make aggressive war upon one member of the League, all other members would regard us as their enemy.

(*The KING is silent a moment. His head and shoulders droop with the realization of his helplessness. The PRINCESS sits down again. The COURTIERs move back a little toward Left Front. The KING begins speaking in a dejected monotone, as if thinking aloud.*)

KING: Through all my life, I've dreamed that I should one day prove my right to wear the Sword of Toulérain. And now (*he suddenly leans forward and extends an accusing arm at the REGENT*) you are responsible for this! (*As he looks again at the Pact his rage increases.*) You and your banner! You shall be the first to follow

it to prison (*grimly*), maybe the first to follow it—beyond! (*To the soldiers*) Take him to prison!

(*There is a breathless hush, as the REGENT falls back a step in sheer astonishment. Then he holds out the banner to the PAGE, who takes it tremblingly, falls to his knees and bows his head upon his arms, his hands clinging desperately to the standard, his body shaken with silent sobs. The two soldiers stare at the KING and the REGENT, but do not move. The REGENT is gazing with dignity and sorrow into the face of the young KING, whose fury increases because he is uneasy under the look.*)

KING: Take him, I say!

(*The two soldiers slowly move forward in a tense silence, the first approaching the REGENT on his right, the second, on his left. The SECOND SOLDIER still holds the Sword of Toulerrain, and as he nears the REGENT, he makes a sudden, impulsive gesture, as if to give him the weapon. The REGENT lifts his left hand in a gesture of refusal and his right, in a movement indicating to the FIRST SOLDIER that he need not take him by force.*)

REGENT (*Gazing at the banner of the Pact*): I—will—go. (*He starts to turn away toward the door at Left.*)

(*MANUELA, who has risen, runs forward with a cry and flings her arms around her father.*)

MANUELA: Father! No! You shall not go!

(*The REGENT clasps her to him for an instant, then holds her off.*)

REGENT: Hush, daughter! It must be.

MANUELA (*Whirling to face the King*): Your Majesty! If you would wield the Sword of Toulerrain, do you not *see?*—first you must wield the *torch!* Before he pushed our boundaries back, he drew the tribes together—made a nation of them! *You* can help to draw the *nations* into one! The kind of adventure you were dreaming of is *out*—no longer in good form! The *Great Adventure* of to-day is the World's search for Peace! There are still boundaries to be pushed back—boundaries of hate and fear. The world must come before the nation, finally. (*She seizes the banner from the PAGE and holds it up.*) This Pact my father signed for you is the new torch, to light the signal fires of good will around the earth! (*She moves swiftly to the dais and lifts the banner to the King.*) Take it, and earn the right to the great name of Toulerrain!

(*MANUELA ends on a note of passionate appeal and, as the KING takes the banner from her hands, she drops in a little heap on the steps at his feet, sobbing.*)

SOLFERINO can control himself no longer and moves swiftly to the side of MANUELA. Her father reaches her at the same moment, on the other side, and together they lift her and move back with her to a position near Center, just back of the strip of carpet leading to the dais.

The KING meanwhile is gazing at the banner as if wholly unconscious of his surroundings. Presently he rises, gives the banner to the FIRST SOLDIER, and steps down from the dais. He moves toward the window, the group at Center moving toward Left out of his way, and turning silently to watch him, as do all the rest. He stands near the window, a little Left of Center, and turned partly toward Right, but apparently gazing down upon the harbor. He speaks slowly, not addressing anyone, but, rather, thinking aloud.)

KING: Toulerrain, before his death, said that his greatest act had been the bringing of peace among the tribes. I thought it was because his mind was failing. . . . Perhaps it was that he saw, clearly, at the last. . . . Gaining more land had made the people proud; but peace had given time to make life richer, happier. . . . If there is a way to keep the World at peace . . . that would be his adventure, were he here to-day! (He turns front and then Left, to look at the sword in the hands of the SECOND SOLDIER.) The Sword? (He turns to look again at the banner in the hands of the FIRST SOLDIER.) The Torch of Toulerrain! That, from henceforth, shall be my symbol. (He comes down to Center, on the strip of carpet, and addresses the Court.) Come, let us put the sword away—safe in the Gallery of the Past. There it belongs! But this (he turns to the FIRST SOLDIER and motions to him to come nearer)—this Pact shall guide us, till we know the Way. (He turns and looks into the face of the REGENT for an instant.) Your daughter has shown me the light of the Torch; but you must teach me where it leads. (He glances from the window again, and then turns front to the PRIME MINISTER.) Someone must have given thought to the provisions of that Covenant.

PRIME MINISTER (Bowing): Your Majesty, many of the most brilliant minds in all the world have been at work on it for years.

KING: To-morrow, we begin to study it. Then, we set forth upon the Great Adventure. Come!

(The KING indicates by a gesture to the FIRST SOLDIER that he is to lead the way; and to the SECOND SOLDIER, that he is to follow him. Then the KING moves toward the door, Left. The PRINCESS descends from the dais, and pauses to give her hand to MANUELA

in passing, with a smile of grateful affection. Then she follows the KING. The PRIME MINISTER and REGENT fall in line. PAMELA joins MANUELA; and SOLFERINO, following, is joined by DARBELA. The PAGE comes last of all. There may be soft music, if desired, while the procession passes out, at Left.)

PRODUCTION NOTES

SETTING

The setting offers the director and Production Staff an opportunity to achieve a definite atmospheric effect with the simplest of means. A few suggestions follow: A light framework should be constructed, almost as wide as the stage space to be used, and about ten or twelve feet high (depending on the arrangement of the platform, proscenium arch, if there is one, and curtains). This should be set up, at the rear of the playing-space, the lower edge being about two feet above the floor. Then the space above, below, and at the sides should be filled in with some fairly heavy curtain material, or with compo board or something of the sort. The side walls of the room should correspond with this material. Sufficient space should be left back of this framework so that the back drop can be hung several feet behind it. This back drop may be simply a combination of two shades of blue cloth, the lower portion being the deeper blue. If there is an artist in the producing group who can paint a more realistic background, this may, of course, be done, but a word of caution may be in order: it should be remembered that the water is seen at a very considerable distance. Any attempt to paint white-caps on the waves, for instance, might give the impression that the Palace was much too close to the water. It is assumed to be on a high cliff overlooking the harbor. Moreover, no ships should be painted on the back drop.

The most important element in the final effect will be the lighting. The light on the back drop must come from behind the back wall of the room. This is absolutely necessary in order that there shall be no shadow cast on the back drop by any person or object within the room itself. Moreover, the light must come from both sides. Probably the most convenient thing for the purpose would be strip lights which can be set up or hung so as to outline the edges of the window frame. The light should be pale straw color. But only experiment will determine exactly what shade to use, in conjunction with the particular shades of blue chosen for sea and sky. The lighting used for the interior of the room should be the ordinary daylight effect, not too bright.

The above simple setting may be elaborated if desired. First, as

regards the window, instead of one rectangular opening, there may be one large arched window, and a narrower one on each side, the back drop being behind all three. Then there may be tapestries on the walls of the room at Right and Left. If desired, the dais may have a canopy, and a rich tapestry or cloth-of-gold hanging behind the chairs. However, if this cuts off too much of the window and the back drop, it would be better to dispense with it. But there might be a low screen, with a rich covering, behind the chairs. The chairs also may be covered with rich draperies.

PROPERTIES

The Great Seal. This may be made of wood, about three inches in diameter and half an inch thick. Any boy who is clever with his penknife can carve a torch in relief on it. Then it should be heavily gilded and mounted on a purple satin ribbon about four inches wide and a yard long.

The Cushion. This should be about half a yard long and a foot wide; covered with velvet of a shade that will harmonize with the purple ribbon and the Page's costume.

The Sword of Toulerain. If a genuine old sword cannot be rented from an antique shop, or borrowed from some collection, this also may be made of wood; but the coloring of it to represent ancient metal would not be an easy matter. Moreover, it would be difficult for the players to handle it convincingly unless it has some weight.

The Banner of the Pact. A copy of the Pact of Paris suitable for this purpose may be secured from the World Peace Commission of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 150 Fifth Avenue, New York City. It is a wall poster, 28 by 44 inches in size, costing 15 cents. It should be mounted on a Royal Blue satin banner a little larger than the poster. If preferred, the banner may be made the size of the poster, and the printed border of the poster trimmed off, so that the blue satin will constitute the border of the text. This should be hung by a silk cord from a standard. In mounting the poster, it should be fastened to the satin only at the corners; otherwise it will be apt to curl up.

COSTUMES

While it is not desired to localize the scene of the play too definitely, it is assumed to be in southern Europe and on the coast, and therefore the costumes may have a Spanish flavor. Moreover, since the play is of a symbolic nature, the costumes need not be strictly realistic. The *Courtiers*, for instance, may wear the traditional Spanish type of dress, in general, although in its modified modern form; that is, they may

wear black, long, bell-shaped trousers, and gathered blouses with full sleeves, made of satin, and the brightly colored sash of silk. The *Ladies-in-Waiting* should wear velvet dresses, the waist in basque style, the skirt, bouffant, above twelve inches from the floor. They should have long sleeves. It is not intended, of course, to give the effect of evening dress. They may wear their hair in a high coiffure, with fancy combs, or in a sophisticated bob, with brilliant ear-rings. It would be effective, if possible, to choose girls with dark hair. The colors of the gowns and of the men's blouses and sashes should be so selected as to make a pleasing effect in the group during the audience.

The *Princess* may wear a velvet gown in redingote style, quite long and with a slight train, and a high, rolled-back collar; a lace frill and fichu; and a light, jeweled tiara on her head.

The *King* may wear an open coat of velvet, over the Spanish costume; or, if preferred, he may wear a velvet cape reaching to the knees. He may wear a simple gold crown, if desired; or he may be bareheaded.

The *Soldiers'* uniforms may be as fanciful as desired, since they should not exactly reproduce the uniforms of any particular nation. The general effect, however, may be Spanish.

The *Regent* and the *Prime Minister* may wear coats of broadcloth in Prince Albert style, in dull, dark shades, just off black, chosen to harmonize with the general color scheme.

The *Page* may wear knee pants, the satin blouse, a round cap of velvet with gold braid, and slippers with rosettes.

II. THE TRANQUIL LIFE

MATERIALS

MUSIC. *Prelude:* "Traumerei," Schumann (Opus 15, No. 7); or, "O Rest in the Lord," Mendelssohn ("Elijah").

Hymns: "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," A. H., No. 168; M. H., No. 543; H. A. Y., No. 146; or, "We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps," A. H., No. 78; M. H., No. 128; H. A. Y., No. 144; or, "Take Time to Be Holy," A. H., No. 165.

"Who Is Thy Neighbor?" M. H. (words), No. 690, sung to tune "Materna," M. H., No. 610.

"In Christ There Is No East or West," H. A. Y., No. 69. Orders of Worship.

Quartet: "I Ain' Gwine Study War No More." (Any collection of Negro Spirituals.)

Choir Response: "Hear Our Prayer, O Lord," Church School Hymnal for Youth, No. 370.

POEMS: Two verses of "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," to be printed on program (see below).

RESPONSIVE READING (see page 27).

PRAYER (see page 26).

DRAMATIZATION: "A Morning Call," by Lydia Glover Deseo (see page 28).

COSTUMES (see page 39).

ORDER OF SERVICE

"Drop thy still dews of quietness,
Till all our strivings cease;
Take from our souls the strain and stress,
And let our ordered lives confess
The beauty of thy peace.

"Breathe through the heats of our desire
Thy coolness and thy balm;
Let sense be dumb, let flesh retire;
Speak through the earthquake, wind, and fire,
O still, small voice of calm!"

—John Greenleaf Whittier.

(To be printed at the head of the program)

PRELUDE: "Traumerei," Schumann (Opus 15, No. 7); or, "O Rest in the Lord," Mendelssohn ("Elijah").

CALL TO WORSHIP:

Leader: I was glad when they said unto me, "Let us go into the house of the Lord."

Response (in unison): The Lord is in his holy temple, Let all the earth keep silence before him.

OPENING HYMN (Choice of): "Dear Lord and Father of Mankind," A. H., No. 168; M. H., 543; H. A. Y., No. 146. "We May Not Climb the Heavenly Steeps," A. H., No. 78; M. H., No. 128; H. A. Y., No. 144. "Take Time to Be Holy," A. H., No. 165. (*Let this hymn be introduced by the minister or leader with words such as these*): "Amid the anxieties and tensions of life it is possible for us to move with inner calmness and confidence, if we have learned Christ's secret. He frees us from the tyranny of circumstances, and shows us how we may control our environment for our higher good. Thus he gives an inner peace which the world cannot give."¹

"Our lives are weakened by care and inner disquiet, we lose in efficiency and miss our aim by a certain nervousness of spirit that reflects the rush and confusion of the world's life around us. With our Master, busier and more burdened than we, it was not so. Amid the clamor of many duties and most grave uncertainties he moved serene and peaceful. It was through this inner poise of soul that he overcame the world."²

John Greenleaf Whittier, the Quaker poet, reflects the tranquillity of his own life in the hymn we are about to sing [*if this one is chosen*]. Let us remain quietly in our seats while we sing the hymn. At the close we will unite in a period of silent prayer.

SILENT PRAYER.

PRAYER (*By the Leader*): In this moment of quietness, our Master, help us to put from our hearts and lives "the cares which infest the day." We are thy children. We put our trust in thee, knowing that thou wilt care for us with infinite and unfailing devotion. We are praying this Sabbath evening (*or supply the name of the day if it is a special occasion*) for a peaceful world. But not until we achieve peace within our own hearts can we hope to be at peace with our neighbors and the world. "Grant us, we beseech thee, through

¹ From *The Daily Altar*, by Willett and Morrison, page 2. Used by permission of The Christian Century Press.

² *Ibid.*

our adversities, a richer culture of soul, and may we rise to the joy of thy companionship, in which alone true peace is found."³ Amen.

CHOIR RESPONSE: "Hear Our Prayer, O Lord," Calvin W. Laufer, C. S. H. Y., No. 370.

RESPONSIVE READING:

Leader: Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts:

Assembly: And see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting.

All: Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength, and my redeemer.

Leader: He that is slow to anger is better than the mighty; and he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city.

Assembly: The Lord is merciful and gracious, slow to anger, and plenteous in mercy.

Leader: The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, faith, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law.

All: And the peace of God, which passeth all understanding, shall keep your hearts and minds through Christ Jesus.

HYMN: "Who Is Thy Neighbor?" M. H. (words), No. 690, sung to tune "Materna," M. H., No. 610.

RESPONSIVE READING:

Leader: Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!

Assembly: Beloved, let us love one another: for love is of God; and every one that loveth is begotten of God, and knoweth God. He that loveth not knoweth not God; for God is love.

For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life.

Beloved, if God so loved us, we also ought to love one another.

Leader: Put on therefore, as God's elect, holy and beloved, a heart of compassion, kindness, humility, meekness, long-suffering; forbearing one another, and forgiving each other, if any man have a complaint against any; even as the Lord forgave you, so also do ye: and above all these things put on love, which is the bond of perfectness.

Assembly: Let the peace of Christ rule in your hearts, to which also ye were called in one body; and be ye thankful.

³ From *The Daily Altar*, by Willett and Morrison, page 108. Used by permission.

All: Be perfected; be comforted; be of the same mind; live in peace; and the God of love and peace shall be with you.

PRAYER: (*For peaceful relations with our neighbors at home, and then, as a logical result, peaceful relations with our neighbors about the world.*)

HYMN: "In Christ There Is No East or West," A. H., No. 188; H. A. Y., Orders of Worship, p. 69; or,

QUARTET: "I Ain' Gwine Study War No More." (Any collection of Negro Spirituals.)

PLAY: "A Morning Call," by Lydia Glover Deseo.

"Of all the absurd labels which men in their ignorance have affixed to one another, passive resistance as applied to the Quakers is the most ludicrous; their untiring active resistance knew no bounds short of physical violence. 'Your principle is passive obedience and nonresistance,' said a bromidic New England magistrate to a Nantucket Quaker. 'On the contrary,' he promptly came back, 'our principle is active obedience to God and passive suffering.'"⁴

(*To be printed on the program.*)

A MORNING CALL

(Dramatization)

PLACE—Prologue and Epilogue:* Somewhere in Europe where a group of representative statesmen are gathered together to try to bring about more amicable relationships among the nations.

PLACE—Play: A small town in New England; morning of a spring day in 1699.

CHARACTERS—Prologue and Epilogue: A group of anywhere from five to twelve men may be used. Some of them wear English or American dress. Two or three others may wear distinctively "foreign" costume, such as Japanese, Chinese, or Indian.

CHARACTERS—Play:

MASTER FENTON, a Friend.

MISTRESS FENTON, his wife.

FAITH, their daughter, 11 years old.

JOHN, their son, 9 years old.

CHIEF FLEET FOOT.

THREE INDIAN BRAVES.

⁴*Rebel Saints*, by Mary Agnes Best, p. 19. Harcourt, Brace and Company. Reprinted by permission.

PROLOGUE

SCENE: A group of from five to twelve statesmen are gathered around a table at extreme back of the stage. (*The front part of the stage is set for the Quaker scene. At the end of the Prologue a curtain or screens may be drawn in front of the group of men, hiding them from view and forming the back of the Quaker room.*)

The table is littered with papers. The men show by their faces and attitudes that a hot dispute is in process. The air is fairly electrified with their anger and passions. They are talking, arguing, and gesticulating.

A DELEGATE (*Rising and waving his arms, his hair tousled*): Gentlemen, since we can arrive at no amicable decision as to the relationship which must exist among the nations if we are to maintain peace, I beg to withdraw. I am no longer needed here.

A SECOND DELEGATE (*Jumping up excitedly*): You cannot withdraw. You must stay here and fight it out with the rest of us.

FIRST DELEGATE (*Furiously*): Fight it out! Fight it out, you say! I thought this was a Commission on Peace.

(*Some of the men laugh; others grow more angry.*)

A THIRD DELEGATE (*Rising, with poise and a certain dignified calm which inspires the others to silence*): Gentlemen, I am a Quaker. (*He waits while the men who have been standing sit down, and the noisy argument subsides.*) Nearly three centuries ago my ancestors left your country, sir (*bowing to an English delegate*), to settle on new shores. I need merely remind you of a problem which was very real to them—with which you are all familiar—that of establishing peaceful relations with the Indians. To-day as we are laboring with this difficult problem of how to effect a permanent peace among the nations of the world, I am reminded of an incident, the details of which have been handed down to me through my Quaker forbears, representing the working of a principle which we might well consider in our deliberations to-day. Will you permit me to tell a story of my great-great-grandfather Fenton? (*He includes them all in the question and they all acquiesce eagerly. He continues*): It was a morning of a spring day in sixteen hundred ninety-nine.

(*The curtains at the back close immediately. The scene is laid to represent the simply furnished living room of the Fenton home. The room would be almost austere in its simplicity, with its plain wooden table, chairs and chest of drawers, and fireplace, were it not for the bright sunshine pouring in the window and the spirit*

of peace which pervades the place. One would hardly guess that trouble and affliction were unbidden guests in this home.

MISTRESS FENTON *enters and seats herself near the window, Left, with her sewing or knitting. FAITH also enters and perches herself on a chest, directly under the high window, Left, through which the sun pours. She too becomes busy with her needlework. There are two doors, one down Left, leading out of doors, and the other, at Right, leading to the kitchen. JOHN comes in from the kitchen and sits on the floor, Right, with his back to the others. The audience cannot see his occupation and he does not intend that either it or his mother should.)*

FAITH (*Brightly*): It did not take us long to wash the dishes this morning with three of us working together.

JOHN (*In disgust*): I don't see why a boy has to wipe dishes! That's for girls—and women.

FAITH: Father never minds helping us when he is here. (*A pause.*) Mother, when will father be coming home?

MISTRESS FENTON (*A bit sadly*): I do not know, dear Faith. As soon as the magistrate sees fit to free him from prison.

JOHN (*Ferociously from his corner*): I wish I were a man! I'd go and *kill* that magistrate for throwing my father into prison.

MISTRESS FENTON (*With mingled reproof and pity in her voice*): John, my son, come here to thy mother. (*JOHN reluctantly leaves his affairs, whatever they are, and goes to his mother's side. She looks into his face, earnestly, as if to leave an indelible impression.*) If thy father were to hear thy angry words, he would suffer far more than he is suffering now in prison. For shame! Dost thou not remember his gentleness and patience in the face of persecution?

JOHN (*Unable to bear the reproof*): Oh, mother, truly I would not want to make my father suffer! But why are there such cruel, bad men in the world?

MISTRESS FENTON: There will always be, little son, until the spirit of our Master prevails in every heart. Now, go back to thy playing, and ask God to forgive thee for thy angry words. (*She kisses him gently on the cheek. With an effort JOHN smiles, and then goes back to his play.*)

FAITH: But what did dear father *do*, mother, that they can put him in prison?

MISTRESS FENTON: Nothing wrong, Faith. He simply obeyed his conscience, as we all must do. He deems it wicked to kill any brother creature. And now that the Indian wars are on, he has refused to take up arms against them—the red brothers.

JOHN (*Looking up from his play*): The Indians are very cruel, mother. Harvey and Standish told me of the massacre in the next town.

MISTRESS FENTON: Harvey and Standish and their parents are not members of the Society of Friends. I would prefer that thou didst not play so much with them, since they have not our belief. FAITH, see if the meal is cooking on the stove.

(FAITH *puts down her sewing and starts into the other room, but her attention is arrested by something among JOHN's play-things.*)

FAITH: Oh, John, what is that thou hast? (*She stoops to pick it up. He tries to prevent the act.*) Why, brother, it looks as if it were to be a firing piece!

MISTRESS FENTON (*Looking up in surprise*): Bring it to me, John.

(JOHN *takes it reluctantly from FAITH's hand and brings it to his mother. It is a block of wood on which John has been whittling and one sees the crude outline of a gun. Her face expresses great concern.*)

And now, my son, I am really distressed at thy disobedience to thy father's wishes. At this moment he languishes behind prison bars because he will not touch a weapon, and here thou art, fashioning one out of wood. Who gave thee the idea, John?

JOHN: All the boys have toy guns, mother. It's only play. I wouldn't use a real gun!

MISTRESS FENTON: To play even with make-believe murderous implements is to plant the thought of killing in the mind, my son. God grant thy heart be sheltered from such seed! If thy dear father were in less distress, I would bid thee tell him of this wrongful act.

(FAITH *enters from the kitchen as footsteps are heard outside and MASTER FENTON bursts through the door. All spring to greet him joyfully, and the wooden piece falls to the floor where it lies forgotten. The father gathers them all into his arms.*)

FAITH (*Jumping up and down in her glee*): Father, art thou home to stay?

MASTER FENTON (*Laughing*): Home to stay, little lass, until my next offense!

JOHN (*Hugging his father's leg, with distress in his face and tone*): Dear, dear father—we have missed thee so!

MISTRESS FENTON (*Helping her husband off with his very shoddy outer garment*): William, how didst thou manage to come home? Has the magistrate really released thee?

MASTER FENTON (*Chuckling to himself*): He has, dear wife, and I am

of the opinion that almost is that magistrate persuaded to be a Friend. (*He draws up a chair and, sitting down, takes a child on either knee. His wife sits near him.*)

MISTRESS FENTON: Then God did hear my prayers and change his heart!

MASTER FENTON (*Touched at this evidence of wifely devotion*): Aye, the prayers of the righteous, you know! And last night he came of his own accord to my cell, seeming anxious to enter into an argument regarding the killing of Indians. "Fenton," he said, "you know very well that if an Indian were to come into your house, with his knife and tomahawk, and you knew he would kill you, your wife and your children" (*he leans over and kisses each child tenderly, while MISTRESS FENTON moves a bit nearer him*), "and you knew you could kill him and save all your lives, you would kill him; if you did not, you would be guilty of the death of the whole."

JOHN: That's just what Harvey and Standish's father said when I told him that the Friends would not bear arms against the Indians!

FAITH (*Eagerly*): Hush, John! Hath not mother spoken to thee about that family? What didst thou answer to the magistrate, father?

MASTER FENTON: I thought it time then to put the statement plainly, so I said: "I shall state that myself and wife are true Christians and our children are in their minority, and thou knowest it is natural for children to believe what their parents teach them, and therefore we are all true Christians, as far as our several capacities enable us to be." That is true, is it not, my dears?

(*He kisses the children again. JOHN makes no answer, but thinking of his toy, hides his head on his father's arm.*)

FAITH (*Softly*): Yes, father.

MASTER FENTON: "And now the question lies here," I went on, "Which is most like the precepts and example of our King—the Author of the Christian religion—to lay down our lives and all go to heaven together, or kill that Indian and send him into eternity? for he must be wicked to kill a family that would not hurt him."

MISTRESS FENTON: Thou art right, William. Did the magistrate seem impressed?

MASTER FENTON (*Chuckling*): Indeed, yes, mother. I saw him softening, so then I thought it timely to say: "Magistrate, it is a serious thing to take the lives of those who are not prepared to die; they have no chance to come back and mend their ways, and thou dost not know but that if that Indian were spared, he might feel remorse enough to make him repent so as to find forgiveness; and that is

not all," I continued, pressing my point, for the magistrate is really a just man and wishes to do right, "when I killed that Indian," I said, "I embrued my hands in human blood. Canst thou make thyself believe that I stand as good a chance to get to heaven as to die when my hands are clean and innocent of human blood?" Then I pointed out that our Master himself said, "All they that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

MISTRESS FENTON (*After a pause*): Did he free thee then, William?

MASTER FENTON: After he had thought seriously for several moments, he said, "There are a great many of your sort of people in this State." "Yes," I said, "and I hope thou findest them an honest, industrious, peaceable people; good inhabitants to populate and clear up a new country and make it valuable." "Yes," he admitted, "they are industrious, harmless people." We were both on our feet then and I turned and looked him full in the face, and spake with some emphasis: "Canst thou say, then, that an honest, industrious people, who will harm nobody, are enemies to their country?" He paused a moment, then he grasped my hand warmly, and said, "No, Master Fenton, and they shall have my protection and my vote! You are free to go home to your family."⁵ And so, my dears, I am here.

MISTRESS FENTON (*Rising*): And thou art hungry, I know. Come, Faith, let us prepare thy father's meal. (*Exit.*)

FAITH (*Patting her father's cheek as she slides down from his knee*): We knew thou wouldst return safely to us, dear father.

MASTER FENTON: That is right, Faith. Thy mother hath taught thee well. Learn never to be anxious concerning anything. The Master will watch over those who are faithful and obedient to his will. Run now, and help thy mother.

(FAITH exits. *He speaks to JOHN, who remains still and silent against his arm.*)

And how hast thou fared, son? Hast thou taken care of thy mother and thy sister during my absence?

JOHN (*Getting to his feet, but averting his glance*): I have tried, father.

MASTER FENTON: But why dost thou hang thy head? Art thou covering something of which thou art ashamed?

JOHN (*No longer able to conceal his distress*): Oh, father, I have been disobedient.

⁵ This conversation took place in a different situation and during a later period of Quaker history. See *The Quakers in Peace and War*, by Margaret E. Heist, pp. 419-420. Doubleday, Doran and Company, Inc., publishers. Reprinted by permission.

MASTER FENTON: What! A son of mine disobedient? Impossible!

But out with it! What bit of mischief hast thou been up to?

JOHN (*Getting his toy which has been lying under his mother's chair, and holding it behind his back*): Father, I have been making something—out of wood—

MASTER FENTON (*Holding out his hand*): Yes? and let me see thy workmanship.

(JOHN, growing more and more wretched, hands the object to his father, who turns it over and over with a twinkle in his eye. John waits for the stern reproof which does not come.)

JOHN (*Falteringly*): Well, father.

MASTER FENTON: I am sorry, lad, but truly I can make nothing out of this lump of wood. Come, come (*turning it over and over in his hand and examining it critically*), thou wert making something with it, didst thou say? Then, it must be a long ways from made.

JOHN: But, father, it was to be—a—gun!

MASTER FENTON (*As if surprised*): A gun, thou sayest? Well, now, it is because I have had little fellowship with guns that I did not recognize it. But what could a Friend—the son of a Friend—possibly want with a gun?

JOHN: Oh, that was it, father. I know it was very wrong. But Standish and Harvey and I have been playing at war with the Indians, and mother—

(MISTRESS FENTON enters the room, followed by FAITH, both bearing dishes with steaming food in them.)

MISTRESS FENTON: Oh, so thou art telling thy father, John? Well, it is better so. (*She sets the food on the table and comes to her husband's side.*) Now, what wilt thou do with a boy who is so disobedient to our precepts?

MASTER FENTON: I think he has suffered enough from the prickings of his conscience, mother. Thou knowest it was wrong, John? (JOHN nods.) And thou wilt not do it again? (*He shakes his head energetically.*) Come, then, what wilt thou do with that block of wood?

(JOHN eagerly takes it and throws it into the fireplace.)

MASTER FENTON: That is well. Now, I will tell thee something which will make the lesson stay with thee. Then we will turn to more peaceful topics. (*They all gather around him.*) Last night thy friends, Harvey and Standish, with their parents, were put to rout by the Indians and their house burned to the ground.

(*Expressions of concern from all. JOHN unconsciously clenches his fists.*)

MISTRESS FENTON: But that is dreadful, William. Where have they gone?

MASTER FENTON: They are safe, my dear. After a night in the forest they came to the home of their friends this morning and are resting there. JOHN, thou art thinking that the Indians are cruel. And so they are, but dost thou not see that they do not know any better? Who hath taught them of the love of Jesus Christ? Or imprinted in their minds the Golden Rule?

MISTRESS FENTON: Furthermore, they were incited to cruelty.

MASTER FENTON: Truly, for Master Rogers, the father of thy friends, never left the house without carrying his gun.

JOHN: And do the Indians attack only those who carry weapons, father?

MASTER FENTON: I have never heard of a Friend being attacked by the Indians, son, for we never carry weapons. The Indians know the Quakers to be friendly and harmless people, so they trust us and leave us unmolested.

MISTRESS FENTON: Our meal is served and we are happy to have father eat with us again. How long it has been since we sat at table together!

(They draw up their chairs. MASTER FENTON at the Left end, MISTRESS FENTON at the Right, JOHN upstage, facing the audience, and FAITH with her back to the audience. MASTER FENTON utters a low prayer as they bow their heads.)

MASTER FENTON: How good it is to be at home with my loved ones! And how grateful we should be to God who giveth us the victory!

(MISTRESS FENTON serves plates. FAITH passes them on. JOHN listens attentively as if he hears noise outside.)

JOHN: Father, there are strange voices outside. May I look out the window?

MASTER FENTON: If they are coming to call on us, they will make themselves known, John. If they are passers-by thou must not disturb thy meal with rude curiosity. Such nourishing food demands immediate disposal. But thou mayest bring another spoon from the shelf, for this is broken.

(JOHN climbs to top of chest and reaches to the shelf where the pewter ware gleams in orderly rows. He steals a glance out window as he reaches spoon, and tableware falls clattering to the floor. His eyes widen in fright.)

JOHN: Indians, father! Four of them with tomahawks—right out there!

(Father and mother exchange glances. FAITH rises and goes

to her mother's side. MISTRESS FENTON goes on ladling out the food.)

MASTER FENTON (*Calmly*): For shame, JOHN. Dost thou have butter fingers that thou needs must drop the tableware? Faith, wilt thou, with thy quick skill, help him pick it up? Then bring the Bible for our daily lesson.

JOHN (*Fumbling with tableware*): But, father, they *are* Indians and they have all their war paint on—and tomahawks, I tell thee!

(FAITH quietly aids him and climbs up to replace the tableware. She averts her gaze from the window, but a little moan escapes her.)

MISTRESS FENTON (*Quickly*): Was that thy dolly crying, Faith? Perhaps she wishes to come to the table with thee to hear the blessed Scripture.

(FAITH gathers up her doll from the corner and comes to her chair, after a pleading look at her mother. JOHN brings the Bible and looks from his father to his mother. His father motions him to hand it to the mother.)

MASTER FENTON: We are in God's keeping, my dear ones, and if it is his will that the Indians visit us this morning, we must not be wanting in welcome. It would be an unpardonable sin to show fear or lack of faith in his wondrous ways. Mother, will you read the fifth chapter of Matthew? I will open the door and ask them in.

(The children's eyes are riveted on their father's movements. MISTRESS FENTON finds the place in the Bible, while MASTER FENTON throws open the door. His face should be toward the audience so that his expression of courage, determination and perfect assurance is evident. As the door swings back, CHIEF FLEET FOOT dashes in, his arm upraised brandishing his tomahawk. Three braves follow, ready to do their leader's bidding. MASTER FENTON extends his hand in welcome and the chief drops his arm, utterly abashed at the calmness and friendliness of the greeting. The braves stand, spellbound.)

MASTER FENTON: Welcome, friends.

(The CHIEF grunts, but none of the Indians move.)

Dost thou understand English?

CHIEF FLEET FOOT (*Nodding*): I do—a little.

MASTER FENTON: Then thou wilt enjoy the lesson we were about to hear. Wilt thou be seated?

MISTRESS FENTON (*Rising*): We were about to partake of our simple meal. Wilt thou eat with us? (*Points to food.*)

CHIEF FLEET FOOT: Thanks—just eat. (*Looks doubtfully about*

room, then leads way to corner where he crouches against wall, giving himself clear view of entire room and both doors. Braves do the same.)

MASTER FENTON (*Taking place at table again*): Go on, mother. Surely, there are "two or three gathered in his name" here.

(MISTRESS FENTON reads *Matthew 5. 38-44 inclusive*. The CHIEF listens intently. After each verse, MISTRESS FENTON pauses and the CHIEF interprets the verse to his followers.)

MASTER FENTON (*When the reading is finished*): Thou understood it?

CHIEF FLEET FOOT: It is—word—your Great Spirit?

MASTER FENTON (*Nodding kindly*): It is the word of the Great Spirit of all of us, thine and ours.

CHIEF FLEET FOOT: He say—you good to me—I good to you—you bad to us—we—(*He pauses doubtfully*)

MASTER FENTON: Thou good just the same. What is thy name?

CHIEF FLEET FOOT: Fleet Foot.

MASTER FENTON: Thy mission to this house was to kill and burn, was it not, Fleet Foot?

(FLEET FOOT *nods, after a moment's hesitation*.) We knew thy errand, yet had we killed thee to save our own lives, we would be as wrong as thee. Understand?

(FLEET FOOT *nods*.) So we treat thee kindly and the anger is gone from thy heart. Is not that right?

(FLEET FOOT *nods again*.) So now we are all alive and happier than we would have been if we had tried to kill each other.

(FLEET FOOT *talks to the braves*. They nod and seem pleased.)

CHIEF FLEET FOOT: You are—peaceful people?

MASTER FENTON: Yes, we are Friends—Friends of God, and Friends of thine.

CHIEF FLEET FOOT (*Looking around the room*): You have no guns—no knives?

MASTER FENTON (*Glancing slyly at JOHN, who has edged over to his father's side, where he has watched the Indians with increasing eagerness*.) No, we keep no arms in this house. Do not be afraid to come at any time.

(*The Indians rise*.)

CHIEF FLEET FOOT: We come again—you read us more of—white man's Book? (*Points to Bible*.)

MASTER FENTON (*Warmly*): Yes, gladly. (*He shakes the hand of each one of them*.)

CHIEF FLEET FOOT: You our friend—we your friend. This house—(*pointing to rafters*) never burn down.

MASTER FENTON: That is well.

FAITH (*Shyly to FLEET FOOT*): Hast thou a little girl?

CHIEF FLEET FOOT (*Pleased*): Little girl—so high. (*Indicating with his hand.*)

(FAITH tenderly kisses her doll and smooths its Quaker garments, then places it in his hand.)

FAITH: I would like her to have my doll to play with, when thou goest home. Tell her it is from Faith Fenton, her friend.

CHIEF FLEET FOOT (*Delighted*): White child's papoose! Very good. I tell her. Thanks.

(*He tries, incoherently, to thank her. One of the braves moves to open the door.*)

MASTER FENTON: No, let us take the path to the spring. It is a shorter cut to the forest and our neighbors will not spy thee and become alarmed.

(*He leads the way through the kitchen door and the Indians follow after receiving the farewell handclasps of the family.*

MISTRESS FENTON and the children resume their places at the table and go on with their meal.)

JOHN: Mother, I have decided to be an Indian when I grow up.

FAITH (*Laughing*): Silly, how canst thou be an Indian when thou wast not born an Indian?

MISTRESS FENTON: Yes, that would be an obstacle, my son. But thou mightest grow to be a friend of the Indians as thy father is.

(MASTER FENTON re-enters.)

William, hast thou finished thy meal? Thou must eat well—thy first bite at home in weeks!

MASTER FENTON (*His face beaming with pleasure; starting to remove his dishes from the table*): I am through, mother. (*He stands with the dishes in his hands.*) Very fine men, those Indians—so easily persuaded of brotherly love. I'm glad they dropped in on us to-day, mother. (*He chuckles.*) If the magistrate could only have seen us stooping to drink together at the spring! I'll have to tell him when we meet again.

(*He exits through the kitchen door. Then the three, as if quite used to the procedure, take each his own dishes, and follow the father into the kitchen. The curtains open and we see again the group of statesmen gathered about the table. The Quaker gentleman is just taking his seat. The others are sitting quietly, some with their heads bowed, all in an attitude of profound attention. The atmosphere is one of peace and tranquillity.*)

THE FIRST DELEGATE (*Rising*): Gentlemen, I am profoundly moved

by the story we have just heard. I am wondering (*he pauses, thinking*)—gentlemen! (*He speaks with such sudden emphasis that the men around the table start with surprise.*) We have tried everything (*he is obviously thinking out loud*). We have tried armaments, we have entered leagues of nations and signed peace pacts. Perhaps, if we start afresh on the principle which our friend has just outlined in his story to us, we shall have better success in bringing about peaceful relations among the nations of the world. What do you say?

ANOTHER DELEGATE (*Rising and grasping the hand of the FIRST DELEGATE*): I am with you. You have my promise of support.

OTHERS (*Standing as they speak*): And I! And I!

(*Just as they stand, expressing their desire to enter into this new compact, the children come in procession from either side of the church, bearing the flags of the nations, and singing, "In Christ There Is No East or West." They form a double line on the platform in front of the group of statesmen, and the minister pronounces the benediction.*)

COSTUMES:⁶ *Master Fenton* wears a long-skirted coat, extending to the knees, and buttoned down center front. It has a wide collar and deep turned-back cuffs. Snug-fitting knee trousers with long hose and low shoes. A broad-brimmed, low-crowned hat. He wears a cape when he enters the room, which serves as a top-coat. *Mrs. Fenton* wears a dress of plain material with very full long skirt and tight-fitted waist with plain short sleeves finished at the elbow with a turn-back cuff. Below them are undersleeves of white, gathered in a frill at the wrist. A small white lace cap and a white apron complete her dress. Children wear replicas of their parents' clothes.

Chief Fleet Foot wears fringed trousers and moccasins, war bonnet of eagle feathers with ends hanging down his back to his heels. A bright blanket covers his shoulders. A quiver of arrows hangs at his side and his tomahawk is bright and well polished.

The Indian warriors wear fringed trousers and moccasins, with headbands of bright colors and two or three feathers stuck in the hair, at the back of the head. They too have the arrows and tomahawks. (Optional: the Indians may wear a short fringed and beaded tunic or have bare torsos.)

⁶ The Division of Plays and Pageants, 740 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois, can supply these costumes in limited numbers. Detailed information on request.

III. A PICTURE OF PEACE

Order of Service

CALL TO WORSHIP:

"The Lord is in his holy temple: Let all the earth keep silence before him."

OPENING HYMN: "When Wilt Thou Save the People?" A. H., No. 187; or, "God Bless Our Native Land," A. H., No. 234; or, H. A. Y., Nos. 227 and 236.

RESPONSIVE READING:

Leader: The people that walked in darkness have seen a great light: they that dwell in the land of the shadow of death, upon them hath the light shined.

Assembly: For unto us a child is born, unto us a son is given: and the government shall be upon his shoulder: and his name shall be called Wonderful, Counselor, the mighty God, the everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace.

Leader: For out of Zion shall go forth the law, and the word of the Lord from Jerusalem.

Assembly: And he shall judge among many people, and rebuke strong nations afar off:

Leader: And they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks:

Assembly: Nation shall not lift up a sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

All: For all the peoples walk every one in the name of his God forever and ever.

A PRAYER for toleration and intelligent consideration of peace and justice as we seek to bring it about (by a young leader).

OFFERTORY: Quartet, Negro Spiritual, "I Ain' Gwine Study War No More," A. S. H., No. 322.

READING: "God's Dreams" (to be read by a young person).

"Dreams are they—but they are God's dreams!
Shall we decry them and scorn them?
That men shall love one another,
That white shall call black man brother,

That greed shall pass from the market place,
 That lust shall yield to love for the race,
 That man shall meet with God face to face—
 Dreams are they all,
 But shall we despise them—
 God's dreams!

"Dreams are they—to become man's dreams!
 Can we say nay as they claim us?
 That men shall cease from their hating,
 That war shall soon be abating,
 That the glory of kings and lords shall pale,
 That the pride of dominion and power shall fail,
 That the love of humanity shall prevail—
 Dreams are they all,
 But shall we despise them—
 God's dreams!"¹

UNISON HYMN: "Angels of peace," verses 1 and 3, H. A. Y., No. 252.

THE PORTRAIT

(Play)

(*Note:* The words "Memorial Day" may be replaced by the name of any day for which this service is used.)

TIME: Mother's Day, ten years after the World War.

PLACE: The living room of the Gallant home.

CHARACTERS:

MOTHER GALLANT, FATHER GALLANT, a middle-aged couple who have given all they have.

THE PORTRAIT of young Frank Gallant, who died, an officer in the World War.

CLAIRE, the young niece of the Gallants, living with them.

ARDISS, her friend.

GILBERT, a young man, the son of an army officer.

NED, another young man, a member of Claire's "crowd."

SCENE: The scene is laid in the living room of Mr. and Mrs. Gallant. There is a low table in Center upon which are books, a pitcher of water and glasses, and a vase of rich red carnations. There are other articles of furniture in the room, but by far the most conspicuous object is a full-length portrait of young Frank Gallant, dressed as an officer in the uniform of the World War. The pic-

¹Thomas Curtis Clark. Used by permission of Willett, Clark & Colby.

ture seems to live and breathe, so real a likeness is it of the young man. The artist was able, magnificently so, to portray the high courage which actuated the young man to make the heroic record he did in the war. But it is a courage which obviously would express itself not alone in physical combat with the foe; a spiritual fearlessness which could face any enemy and conquer. MOTHER and FATHER are reading quietly, MOTHER sitting to the right of the table and FATHER to the left. FATHER is absorbed in his reading, but MOTHER is having difficulty in keeping her mind on her book. Finally she lays it down in her lap and looks at the portrait.

MOTHER: This has been a lovely Mother's Day. (*She pauses and looks at FATHER, who pays no attention.*) Father, do you realize that twelve years have passed since Frank spent a Mother's Day with us?

FATHER (*conscious of the fact that he has been addressed and pulling himself out of his book*): Huh? What's that, mother?

MOTHER: I was just thinking about Frank, dear, and I was saying that it is twelve years since he was with us on Mother's Day. Do you remember that last day?

FATHER (*looking with her at the portrait*): Yes, I remember it well. He left the next day for training camp.

MOTHER (*smiling*): Do you remember, father, how he used to say that Mother's Day was for both of us?

FATHER: Yes, he seemed to love us both equally. Dear boy! I wish he were here with us to-day. (*Rising and scrutinizing the picture closely.*) There's some dust you missed yesterday, mother. Got a cloth somewhere?

MOTHER: Yes, dear, out in the kitchen—(*as he exits Left*)—in the left-hand drawer of the linen chest. (*She rises and, taking a carnation from the vase, goes to the portrait and holds it under Frank's nose. He seems to be looking right down at her. She speaks whimsically*): Do you remember, dear, how you always brought us red carnations for Mother's Day—for father and me, both, you used to say—do you remember, son? (*She puts the carnation to her lips and continues to gaze up at him.*) You seem so alive to-night, son, so very close to me. It seems as if you were trying to tell me something. Speak to me, son.

FRANK: Mother! (*He smiles his old tender boyish smile.*)

MOTHER (*dropping the carnation to the floor*): Frank, my son, you spoke to me. (*She is about to swoon when FATHER enters with a cloth.*)

FATHER: Is this a dust cloth or a dish towel, mother? (*Seeing her con-*

dition he arrives at her side just in time to prevent her from falling. Putting her in her chair): Why, mother, what ails you? What has happened, dear? Here, drink this. *(Pouring a glass of water.)*

MOTHER: Father, Frank spoke to me.

FATHER: Come, mother, you must be ill. Perhaps I had better call a doctor.

MOTHER: No, father, please listen to me. I am not ill—only—it was the shock—I tell you, father—he spoke to me. *(Father looks at the portrait.)* Can't you see how live he looks to-night, dear? I know he's trying to tell us something.

FATHER: I have always said, mother, that that artist had a supernatural gift of making people live in his portraits. But, dear, he couldn't have spoken to you, not really; it was just your imagination, mother—

MOTHER: But, father, I tell you it couldn't have been. His lips moved and he spoke my name. *(She gazes at the picture, transfixed.)* Frank, my boy, are you trying to tell us something?

FATHER *(Coming between her and the portrait)*: Come, mother, don't you think you had better go to bed? You are overtired to-night. You have been working too hard. I told you to get someone to help you with the spring cleaning.

MOTHER *(Shaking her head, her eyes still on the picture)*: No, it isn't that. *(Voices outside.)* Hark, here come the young folks. I don't want them to see me like this. *(She struggles to compose herself. FATHER goes back to his chair.)*

FATHER: Are they having a meeting here?

MOTHER: I think Claire was going to bring them home to discuss their plans for Memorial Day.

(Enter from Right CLAIRE, ARDISS, NED, and GILBERT, talking gayly.)

CLAIRE: Come on, folks, here they are waiting for us. Hello, auntie and uncle. *(Kissing them in turn. To the others)*: Come in and take your things off.

(General greetings all around. FATHER takes their wraps into another room, off Left.)

Why, auntie dear, how pale you look? Aren't you feeling well?

MOTHER *(Smiling brightly)*: Quite well, thank you, Claire. I understand you're getting ready for Memorial Day.

NED *(Sitting on the arm of her chair)*: We are, Mrs. Gallant, and we need your help. We hope you'll serve on our committee.

MOTHER: I'll be glad to—

FATHER (*Entering*): Come, mother (*he takes her hand*). You young folks will have to excuse Mother Gallant to-night. She's very tired.

MOTHER (*Giving in gracefully*): And now he's going to pack grandmother off to bed just as she was going to enjoy herself with the other young folks. (*She laughs softly.*) But I am a bit tired. You'll excuse me, won't you?

NED: We will to-night, Mother Gallant, but we still want you on our committee.

MOTHER (*Passing in front of Frank's picture as she starts to leave the room*): I'll be glad to do anything I can. (*Softly*) Good night, my son.

FATHER (*Anxiously at the door*): Come, mother. Good night, young folks. We older ones will clear out and let you have the floor.

CLAIRE: We don't want you to go, but good night, if you must.

MOTHER: Turn out the lights before you come upstairs, Claire dear. (*She turns for one last look at the picture. Frank seems to follow her with his gaze.*)

CLAIRE: I will, auntie. Sweet dreams. (*She throws them a kiss. General good nights. The Two exeunt.*) Come and sit down, folks. You all seem rooted to the floor. There are plenty of chairs.

NED (*Strolling over to Frank's picture*): What is it about this portrait to-night, Claire? Your aunt feels it too, did you notice?

ARDISS: I noticed it too. It seems as if Frank were really alive and wanting to talk to us.

CLAIRE (*Softly*): I often feel that way about his picture.

NED (*Walking across the room*): Have you ever noticed how his eyes seem to follow you wherever you go?

GILBERT: Yes, I've noticed it about this picture and a few others. It's rather uncanny, isn't it?

ARDISS: Well, come on, let's get started with our meeting. I promised mother I wouldn't stay out late. She's alone to-night.

CLAIRE: All right. Find seats, everybody, and stop wandering around. You make me nervous. Ned, you're chairman of this committee so you'll have to do the talking. (*They all find seats.*)

NED: I haven't much to say. You are the ones who are doing the work. Let's hear a report of progress from you, Bert.

GILBERT: Well, I've sat in with the committee which represents the community in the preparations for Memorial Day, and they're only too glad to have the young people of the town in on the program. Things are shaping up nicely and all I have to say is, this town is going to stage one swell Memorial Day program which will certainly put us on the map.

ARDISS: I understand there's to be a grand parade in the morning—

GILBERT: Yes, and the band is going to give a concert in the park in the afternoon, playing all the old favorites—the songs of three wars—

NED: Say, it will be sort o' thrilling to hear "Keep the Home Fires Burning" again after ten years of peace, won't it? Remember, we were kids when the war came, and wasn't it maddening to have to stay at home and just play war when there was real fighting going on across the water?

CLAIRE (*Glancing at the picture*): I'll never forget the day Cousin Frank went away. I'm afraid I didn't think it was so wonderful.

GILBERT: I guess girls never get the thrill out of war that boys do.

ARDISS: I wonder if most of the thrill doesn't come in anticipation—before you know what it's like.

NED: Oh, well, of course it isn't much fun to stand up in front of the enemy's guns, but think of the glory of dying for your country.

CLAIRE: I wonder if it isn't just as glorious—and just as hard sometimes—to be able to live for your country. Somehow or other—war just doesn't seem right to me.

GILBERT: Now leave it to a girl to go and take the kick out of things. If this world were made up of women, we'd have nothing but pink teas and knitting parties. (*Throwing out his chest.*) Thank goodness, there are a few of us men left to carry on.

CLAIRE (*Laughing*): Now when did you grow up? I'm sorry, Mr. Chairman, I've gone and spoiled your meeting, but I just made the mistake of thinking out loud.

NED: Oh, that's all right. But this isn't a debate on the question of whether war's right. We're planning for a memorial to the wars already past, see? And we can't help what's already done. Well, now then, what are *we* expected to do in this program?

GILBERT: Well, in the evening they're planning to have fireworks, if the weather is nice, and then each young people's group in the city is expected to stage an informal dramatization, picturing some incident out of any one of the three big wars.

ARDISS: Goodness, that'll be hard, won't it?

GILBERT: Oh, I don't know. They don't have to be elaborate. We're supposed to decide on ours to-night and let them know in the morning what we are going to do.

ARDISS: I know. Claire and I'll be Salvation Army lassies and pass out doughnuts to you hungry doughboys—

NED: And we'll eat them. (*General laughter.*)

ARDISS: O, dear, that won't be so good, will it? Although we could eat our share out in the kitchen afterward.

GILBERT: Now would that be nice—Salvation Army lassies taking the food out of the mouths of poor starving Johnnies!

ARDISS: Well, I guess we'll have to do something else, then.

CLAIRE (*Suddenly*): Honestly, folks, I don't feel at all happy about this Memorial Day celebration we're planning. Ned said a while ago that we couldn't help what was past. Well, we can't, but we can help to prevent another war.

NED: Well, I don't see, Claire, how a memorial to our dead heroes and the wars that are past is going to bring on another war.

CLAIRE: Well, it isn't going to bring on another war, exactly, but it is going to keep alive in the minds of our people that war spirit and enthusiasm. And that doesn't help to build for peace, does it?

GILBERT: Who said we wanted peace, anyway? For my part, if there were another war, I'd be the first one in it, and you mark my word.

CLAIRE: It's natural for you to feel that way, Gilbert. Your father's an army officer and you've been brought up in that atmosphere.

GILBERT: Well, I should think anyone who had a glorious cousin like yours who died for his country would feel the same way about it.

CLAIRE: Strangely enough, I don't. I've never gotten over feeling that Frank's sacrifice was uncalled for. (*She rises and goes to the portrait.*) O Frank, I wish I knew how you feel about it. You were all through it. If you had it to do again, would you go to war? Tell me, Frank.

FRANK (*A smile suffusing his face*): No, Claire, I wouldn't.

(*NED and ARDISS rise impulsively. GILBERT has sunk down into a chair, his elbows on his knees, and his chin cupped in his hands.*)

NED (*Breathless*): He spoke! (*ARDISS gives a little cry.*)

GILBERT (*Looking up suddenly*): What's the matter with you people?

NED (*Holding his finger to his lips*): S-h! Can't you hear him speaking?

GILBERT: I can't hear a thing but Claire talking to herself. (*He picks up a book and runs his fingers through the pages restlessly. NED and ARDISS are absorbed in the conversation.*)

CLAIRE (*Unmindful of the others*): Why wouldn't you go, Frank?

FRANK: Because I know now that war is wrong.

CLAIRE: Oh, why didn't you tell me this before?

FRANK: Because in none of our communions have you ever asked me this question.

CLAIRE: When did you know that war is wrong?

FRANK: As soon as I was in it.

CLAIRE: Why didn't you tell us then?

FRANK: I tried to tell you in my letters, but they were censored and you never received parts of them.

GILBERT: Say, what on earth are you doing, Claire? (*He starts to rise, but NED forces him back into his chair. From then on he gazes at them, bewildered and puzzled.*)

CLAIRE: But why is it wrong, Frank?

FRANK: Because it is opposed to every principle which He laid down.

CLAIRE: He? You mean—?

FRANK: I mean the Prince of Peace.

(*ARDISS, her emotions almost overcoming her, sinks into a chair.*

GILBERT's perplexity increases.)

NED: Claire, ask him—about this Memorial Day program.

CLAIRE: Frank, can you hear the others speak?

FRANK: I catch faint whispers now and then, when their spirits and their thoughts are in tune with mine. Are not Ardiss and Ned in the room?

CLAIRE: Yes, and Gilbert. Can't you hear Gilbert?

FRANK (*His face clouding*): I only hear the rumble of cannon and the anguish of souls who are passing on.

CLAIRE (*Turning to GILBERT in frenzied entreaty*): Gilbert, can't you stop thinking war? Can't you see you're hurting Frank?

GILBERT (*Huskily*): Hurting *who*, Claire? How could I hurt Frank when he's dead? (*Again NED pushes him back into his chair as he starts to rise.*)

CLAIRE (*Turning back to the portrait*): Frank! (*He seems not to be seeing her.*) Frank! (*As he turns his eyes upon her and smiles again*) Oh, I was afraid you had gone!

FRANK: I am always here to those who have ears to hear me, little Claire.

CLAIRE (*Sighing in relief*): I am so glad! Frank, we are discussing the Memorial Day program and what part we are to have in it.

FRANK: I know you are. And I have been wanting to tell you something, to send a message to you who carry on. I tried to tell mother, but father took her away. I sense that your plans are not right. Only here and there do I catch a glimpse of the ideal.

CLAIRE: Tell us what to do, Frank. Tell us what is right.

FRANK: Build a memorial to peace. If you bring up memories of past wars you only bring to life again old buried hates, old superficial enthusiasms, false patriotisms. War is wrong. War is murder. War cannot be justified. (*He pauses as if to stop.*)

CLAIRE: Yes, yes, Frank. Do tell us more.

FRANK: I can hardly hear you, Claire, for there is war in this room. A spirit of vainglory beats against me and I cannot tarry. But—tell them that the unfurling of flags and the blowing of bugles and the marching of thousands of uniformed men is not the real war. It is that which catches their imagination and makes them think that war is glorious. But war is hate, and greed, and murder—everything hideous! (*At this point GILBERT jumps to his feet and stands tense.*) Tell them if they would serve their country well to build a picture of peace—

CLAIRE: Yes, Frank—

FRANK (*Struggling*): A picture of happiness, prosperity—men, women, and children living in peace with their neighbor; city vying with city to bring about peaceful relations; nations—the black, the white, the yellow—sitting together as friends. Tell them—that must be their contribution to the Memorial Day program—that those of us who fell in the Argonne may not have fallen in vain.

(*Quietly he slips back into his former pose, but there is a brightness about his eyes and a smile upon his lips which were not there before. There is intense quiet in the room. NED and ARDISS gaze earnestly at the portrait. CLAIRE turns unsteadily back to her seat. GILBERT stands with clenched hands and downcast head.*)

CLAIRE: I knew he felt that way! I knew it! "War is hate and greed and murder—everything hideous! . . . But, if they would serve their country well—to build a picture of peace—" (*She speaks softly, almost reverently, as she sinks into her chair.*)

GILBERT (*Speaking passionately and looking from one to the other as if for support*): Oh, how rude you are, Claire! You know my dad is an officer—ranking major of his regiment—and yet you speak that way! It's horrible! I can't understand how you can talk like that! (*He starts toward the door, face flushed and working with emotion.*)

ARDISS (*Rising hastily and going to him*): Hush, Gilbert! We'll try to help you understand, but you mustn't blame Claire! Let's tiptoe out and let her rest—poor darling! (*Reaches out her hand to NED, who pats GILBERT on the back in friendly sympathy, as he joins them.*) Good night, Claire dear! Don't bother to show us out—we'll find our things all right. Come, boys! (*They reach the door, GILBERT's carriage and face betraying his continued bewilderment and wounded pride.*)

CLAIRE (*Still speaking softly as if she is very tired*): Thank you, Ardiss. You're such a comfortable sort of chum to have. You will forgive me for not coming with you, won't you?

ALL: Of course. Good night, Claire.

(NED and ARDISS stop, look up at the portrait—then at each other.. GILBERT stands stiffly in the doorway.)

ARDISS (*Very softly*): Good night—and thank you—Frank!

(NED hesitates, then salutes the portrait gravely, and mechanically GILBERT joins him. They disappear around door and CLAIRE drops her head upon her arm and sobs quietly. She does not see that FRANK'S arms are extended in benediction. There is soft music and the curtains close.)

BENEDICTION.

A WORD TO THE DIRECTOR

Where it seems necessary, the director of the play or leader of the meeting may find it advisable to give a few words of interpretation just before the play opens.

"There are numerous examples in literature of men and women whose lives have become enriched, and whose minds have received greater spiritual wisdom through their efforts, often unconscious, to attune themselves to the great purposes of the Infinite. We have Dickens' famous character in his *Christmas Carol*—Ebenezer Scrooge—who, being a prey to his own guilty conscience, comes to see himself as he really is and, through the influence of a dream, starts life anew, eager to make amends for all his selfish, cruel deeds. There are many truths which are just beyond our reach, and unattainable because our own spiritual eyes are dim.

"The dramatization which we are about to witness may be taken symbolically. The Portrait represents the revelation of one great Christian Truth, seemingly so obscure at times—that of living in harmony with our fellow men. Perhaps we cannot fully learn that truth until we are freed from the shackles of the body and the necessity of living in a physical world. Gilbert represents those of us who are not attune to truth; Claire, those of us who see through the mist a bit more clearly. Perhaps this simple story will help the mist to roll away from the eyes of us here to-night—those of us who have eyes that see not, ears that hear not, and hearts that are not sensitive to the Inner Voice."

It is scarcely necessary to say that in order for this playlet to be of value, a sense of the seriousness of theme must be inculcated into players and audience. Rehearsals should commence with prayer, and levity on the part of the players during the rehearsal periods must be discouraged. The audience should be prepared for a worship experience.

A few suggestions for staging THE PORTRAIT. The only thing

which will need to be constructed is the frame for the portrait and this should not be difficult. It may be made of compo board or some thin wood, and gilded or varnished, depending upon the general set-up of the room. It should stand at center back, a foot or so above the floor. If the audience is to sit near the stage, it would be well to stretch a piece of gauze across the frame so that the portrait's "realness" may not be too obvious. There should be plenty of room between the portrait and the table, as quite a bit of the action takes place there.

Needless to say the part of Frank should be taken by a virile, red-blooded young man with courage and heroism and idealism written on his face. Claire and Mother are, of course, spiritually sensitive persons. Ned and Ardiss have the desire to understand, and thus are much more in tune with Frank than Gilbert, who is the positively military type. The entire playlet should be handled with delicacy and understanding.

Stage directions are given from the player's viewpoint—player's Left and Right.

Colored lights will add to the spiritual effect.

The hymns are given as suggestions only. If others are used, care should be taken that they be selected with a view to their appropriateness.

IV. "THEY THAT TAKE THE SWORD"

MATERIALS

MUSIC: *Instrumental Prelude:* "National Hymn," Warren, A. H., No. 225; M. H., No. 704; H. A. Y., No. 245.

Hymns: "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations," A. H., No. 184; H. A. Y., No. 260. "Let There Be Light, Lord God of Hosts" (see page 54).

Anthem: "How Lovely Are the Messengers That Bring Us Good Tidings of Peace," Mendelssohn; or,

Soprano Solo: "How Beautiful Are the Feet of Them," from "The Messiah," Handel.

PRAYER (See page 53).

PICTURE: "Christ of the Andes."

If possible this picture (see note on page 53), with Henry van Dyke's beautiful prayer upon it, should be given to every member of the congregation, or at least one to each family. Copies of this picture may be purchased from the Stereopticon Department of the Methodist Episcopal Church, 740 Rush Street, Chicago, Illinois, 3x4 inches in size, glossy or dull finish as desired. This picture will make a worth-while keepsake, since it is one that should be in every home. The cost will be approximately four cents apiece, depending on the size of your order. Write for further information.

To make the pictures of further value, the members of the young people's societies might mount them on heavy paper or cardboard. These should be given out at the door.

RESPONSIVE READING: Matthew 26. 51, 52; 5. 38, 39, 43, 44; John 14. 27.

PLAY: "Rome or the Kingdom?" by Helen L. Willcox. (See page 54.)

COSTUMES:

Lyria wears a long, straight tunic, with sleeves cut in Japanese fashion at the top, the upper edge reaching to the elbow or wrist, and the lower portion extended into a long point reaching to the knees when the arm is held extended. The dress slips over the head, having a straight slit opening in front, which fastens with a button and loop at the throat. The color is a plain blue of the shade generally described

as "Chinese," without stripes or other design. There should be a deep square yoke of applique, embroidery, or braiding, in front, which may have red as the predominating color; and a wide girdle which repeats the color of the yoke. Over her head she wears a white scarf which is wound loosely around her throat with the end falling over her shoulder. A longer scarf, of blue to match the dress, is placed farther back on the head, allowing the white edge to show underneath, and falls straight down the back, to the knees, or below. She should wear sandals with laced straps, over bare feet.

Note: If the player prefers to wear stockings, they should be of light brown *cotton*, not of silk.

Deborah wears a dress of similar design, which may be of light-brown or dull-red ("Indian red"). If the dress is of red, the outer scarf may be of brown, and vice versa; and the darker scarf should be brought across in front so as to conceal the greater part of the white scarf. She also wears sandals.

Note: It is necessary to wear a long undergarment under these dresses.

Robertus wears a short tunic of brown, and metal breastplate, having bare arms and legs, with sandals laced half-way to the knees. He also wears a metal helmet, with a crimson plume. A Roman short sword hangs at his side. Over his armor he wears a deep crimson toga, which is drawn up and thrown over his shoulder in such a way as to show glimpses of the gleaming metal underneath.

Pedronicus wears a long white toga, with purple border, and is bareheaded. He wears sandals. He may carry a pair of writing tablets.

Jeshur wears a straight tunic reaching below the knees, of a deep orange color, and over it the "aba," or straight coat, which is made of a piece of material about four feet wide by eight feet long, folded over in the middle and sewed together up the sides to within a foot of the top, this space being left open as an armhole. An opening is made up the whole front of the garment about six inches wide. This should be of dark- and light-brown in very wide stripes running up and down. The material should be rather heavy and stiff. Over the tunic, but under the "aba" he wears a dark-red girdle. On his head he wears the typical Syrian headdress: a piece of material about four feet square placed over the head so that the middle of one side comes well down over the forehead, and bound in place with a double twisted cord or soft rope. This may be of silk, striped or plain, and may match the tunic or the girdle. Sandals.

Malachi wears a tan tunic and an "aba" of white and royal blue

stripes, with girdle of the deep blue. His headdress of gold color he has taken off and carries tucked through his girdle. Sandals.

Note: If the other soldier, Marcus, and the trumpeter appear, they should be dressed like Robertus, with the omission of the toga and plume. Also, the trumpeter should wear no sword.

ORDER OF SERVICE

INSTRUMENTAL PRELUDE: "National Hymn," Warren, A. H., No. 225; M. H., No. 704; H. A. Y., No. 245.

OPENING HYMN: "We've a Story to Tell to the Nations," A. H., No. 184; H. A. Y., No. 260.

PRAYER (*For America's responsibility in building a peaceful world*).

RESPONSIVE READING:

Leader: And, behold, one of them which were with Jesus, stretched out his hand, and drew his sword, and struck a servant of the high priest's, and smote off his ear.

Assembly: Then said Jesus unto him, Put up again thy sword into its place; for all they that take the sword shall perish with the sword.

Leader: Ye have heard that it hath been said, An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth:

Assembly: But I say unto you, That ye resist not evil: but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also.

Leader: Ye have heard that it hath been said, Thou shalt love thy neighbor, and hate thine enemy.

Assembly: But I say unto you, Love your enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that hate you, and pray for them which despitefully use you, and persecute you.

All: Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you: not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid.

OFFERTORY ANTHEM: "How Lovely Are the Messengers That Bring Us Good Tidings of Peace," Mendelssohn; or,

OFFERTORY SOLO (*Soprano*): "How Beautiful are the Feet of Them," from "The Messiah," Handel.

"CHRIST OF THE ANDES"—A Monument to Peace.

(NOTE.—Let the minister or leader tell the story of this monument, while the members of the congregation are looking at the picture which each one holds in his hand, provided these have been furnished as suggested on page 51.)

At a time when Argentine and Chile, two countries of South America, were engaged in a bitter quarrel over boundary lines, two

bishops, one from each country, pleaded with the people for a peaceful settlement of the dispute. Under the influence of these leaders, the two countries finally decided that there should be no more war between them. So the cannon which they had been about to use was melted, and molded into the beautiful statue of "Christ of the Andes," which stands on the boundary line between the two countries, high up in the mountains.

At the base of the statue are two tablets bearing this inscription: "These mountains will crumble into dust sooner than the people of the Argentine and of Chile will break the peace which at the feet of Christ, the Redeemer, they have given their word to keep."

Let us unite in the prayer of Henry van Dyke, the words of which you hold in your hand [provided cards have been distributed to congregation].

HYMN: "Let There Be Light, Lord God of Hosts."¹

(To be sung to hymn tune, Pentecost, No. 409, M. H.)

Let there be light, Lord God of Hosts,
Let there be wisdom on the earth!
Let broad humanity have birth!
Let there be deeds, instead of boasts!

Within our passionate hearts instill
The calm that endeth strain and strife;
Make us thy ministers of life;
Purge us from lusts that curse and kill!

Give us the peace of vision clear
To see our brothers' good our own,
To joy and suffer not alone:
The love that casteth out all fear!

Let woe and waste of warfare cease,
That useful labor yet may build
Its homes with love and laughter filled!
God, give thy wayward children peace!

—William Merrill Vories.

PLAY:

ROME OR THE KINGDOM?

TIME: About 32 A. D.

PLACE: A village in the Plain of Esdraelon: the village well.

PERSONS: (In the order of their appearance.)

LYRIA, A young Jewish woman; about 20 years old.

DEBORAH, Her mother; a woman about 40 years old.

¹From *Social Hymns of Brotherhood and Aspiration*. Copyright, 1914, by A. S. Barnes and Co.

ROBERTUS, A Roman soldier; captain of a company that has been garrisoned here for some time. About 30 or 35 years old.

PEDRONICUS, A Roman Augur attached to the company. About 45.

JESHUR, A Disciple of Jesus. About 45.

MALACHI, A Disciple of Jesus. About 25.

OTHER SOLDIERS, off stage. (*Note: If two or more can appear in sight of the audience, it will aid the illusion; but by skillful directing, the effect can be gained with off-stage noises. If a real trumpeter can be found, he should appear, in Roman uniform.*)

SETTING: A plain curtain of gray, or gray-green, will serve as background. Up Center is the stone rim of the well; and at each side of it, a clump of bushes, and possibly a large rock, at one or both sides. The bushes, or rocks, to the left of the well must be large enough to conceal two persons; and those on the Right, to conceal, or partially conceal, one or more persons. If the platform space allows for it, low bushes, or small palms, at Right and Left Front will improve the effect.

(*A trumpet-call is heard from off Right, at some distance. LYRIA runs in from Left, evidently much excited and frightened. She looks intently off Right, then turns and beckons to someone off Left, and hides herself quickly behind a rock, or bushes, at Left of the well. DEBORAH enters, panting, from Left, carrying a water-jar on her shoulder.*)

LYRIA (*Peering out from behind her rock*): They are coming, mother! There is Robertus at the head—with the Augur! I fear—

DEBORAH (*Also concealing herself from the advancing soldiers, but remaining partially visible to the audience*): Woe! Woe! I saw it in my dream! The soldiers are marching away! Your child will be left fatherless!

LYRIA (*Forgetting, in her terror, to remain hidden*): Mother! I cannot let him go! Robertus is mine! I—I love him!

DEBORAH (*Gently pressing her back*): I know—I know! And he loves you, Lyria—but that will never keep a soldier! "A Roman captain makes a poor husband"—I said it!

LYRIA (*Wildly*): Then I will go with him!

DEBORAH: With an infant three months old? It is not possible, my child! Stay back! They are coming!

(*Both women draw back, out of sight. The clanking of swords and the tramp of marching feet are heard from off Right, and presently a sharp word of command; then another trumpet-call, from Right, near at hand.*)

ROBERTUS, the Captain, enters from Right, followed closely by

PEDRONICUS, *the Augur. He turns back to face his company and gives a command in a loud voice.*)

ROBERTUS: Halt!

(The sound of tramping ceases, and the clanking of swords, etc., gradually subsides.)

ROBERTUS: Men, we are about to leave this place where we have been stationed for over a year. Some of you have formed ties which will be hard to break. *(He hesitates an instant, and there is a suspicion of a tremor in his voice as he goes on.)* And there is no time even for farewells. That is a legionary's life. We are ordered to join forces with other companies stationed in villages throughout this Plain of Esdraelon, and then proceed on a punitive expedition against certain tribes in the north, who have been so foolish as to dare defy the power of Rome. All our personal affairs must be forgotten. When Rome speaks—there is nothing else in the world for us. *(There is a grim repression in face and tone, as if he were passing through some inner struggle. After a slight pause, and a deep breath, he continues.)* I have asked the Augur to make known to you, before we start, the results of his reading of the auguries, this morning, that all may know what hope we have of fortune and success. *(He turns to the AUGUR.)* Proceed, Pedronicus.

PEDRONICUS *(Solemnly, in the droning monotone of one to whom the matter has become a habit)*: The gods have spoken, through the birds, and through the entrails: the day is auspicious for starting on our journey; and good fortune will attend us all the way. Moreover, the gods have promised aid in the enterprise on which we now set forth. And especially will Mars, the god of war, go with us, strengthening our arms against the foe. The rebellious tribes shall be put down. So perish all enemies of Rome, the mistress of the world!

(There is a cheer, and the clanking of steel, from off Right.)

ROBERTUS: Marcus, you will take command, for a few moments. Take the west road *(pointing toward Right back)* and I will rejoin you at the first fork beyond the village.

VOICE OF MARCUS *(From off Right.)* [Note: If two of the soldiers are visible to the audience, MARCUS is one of the two, and now salutes ROBERTUS, going off immediately to Right]: Right about face!

(Clanking of steel from off Right.)—Forward—march!

(Clanking of steel and sound of tramping, quickly receding into the distance. PEDRONICUS starts at the first word of command to follow the men, but the captain detains him by a gesture.)

ROBERTUS: Wait, Pedronicus!

(Both watch in silence until the noise has subsided a little. While they stand with their backs toward the well, LYRIA peeps out for an instant, and DEBORAH draws her back. ROBERTUS turns to PEDRONICUS and speaks somewhat hesitantly.)

ROBERTUS: Pedronicus, I am grateful for your help, in keeping up the morale of the men, at times like these—but *this* time, I, myself, need something more. (He pauses, and PEDRONICUS moves nearer and places his hand on ROBERTUS' shoulder for a moment, in sympathetic understanding. Robertus goes on bitterly.) "Rome—the mistress of the world." (Passionately.) She has been my only love—until this year!

(PEDRONICUS nods his understanding.)

In this village, I have a wife and son.

(Behind them LYRIA starts to go to him, but DEBORAH holds her back.)

Pedronicus! You must help me! A horrible doubt creeps upon my mind! What is this power we call "Rome"? What gives Rome the *right* to demand our lives—to tear us from those we love *more* than life? Is it Cæsar?—No! Is it the gods who give her this right? Where are the gods, Pedronicus? Have you seen them—heard them—known them, in your heart?

(PEDRONICUS is sadly silent. Robertus seizes him by the shoulders and gazes into his face. His voice is gruff with passion.)

Pedronicus! Answer me! I command you!

PEDRONICUS *(With an effort)*: I go through the motions of the auguries—I interpret them according to the rules—but it has been long since I heard the voice of any god in all these things. *(He turns upon the Captain with a sudden challenge.)* Do you believe in the gods, Robertus?

ROBERTUS *(startled)*: Why—I don't know—no, I don't suppose I do, really.

PEDRONICUS: Is there any thinking man in all our Roman world who does? And how can you expect the augurs and the priests to keep *their* faith? *(Bitterly)* We know—*too much!*

ROBERTUS: Then—you have—no help—for me?

PEDRONICUS *(With genuine sympathy)*: None save the Stoic's, friend. I fear that is all there is left to us.

ROBERTUS *(Slowly; struggling with his thoughts)*: In the old days of the Republic—my grandfather remembers!—there was something fine and strong in Rome herself. The life of the city must

have been a thing worth fighting for, when *he* was young—worth *dying* for. But now—

PEDRONICUS: *Now*—one wonders if the gods themselves would wish to save that core of rottenness!

ROBERTUS (*Breathless at his own audacity*): And which god says Rome has a *right* to rule the world?

PEDRONICUS (*A far-away look in his eyes*): Once—in my youth—I was sent with a company to the far, far East. There I met a holy man who was a follower of Buddha. They taught a different faith—a faith in mercy and kindness. They did not believe in war, and when the soldiers marched out to battle no priest gave them his blessing, no Augur predicted their success and glory. They went unblest, knowing that they sinned against religion, and against their souls. No comfort did they find in their own temples.

ROBERTUS (*Fiercely*): Do you tell me this to *cheer* me?

PEDRONICUS (*Gently*): No, Robertus, but because yesterday I was reminded of this Eastern faith. Passing the synagogue in the village, I overheard a man reading from an ancient scroll—one of their Hebrew prophets, he said. And the reading went like this: "They shall beat their swords into plowshares. They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain. Neither shall they learn war any more." And listening, outside the door, I remembered the follower of Buddha.

ROBERTUS (*With a ferocity that shows the tension of his emotions*): Are *we* Buddhists—or Hebrews? Why talk to me of dreams, when I tell you I need *help*?

PEDRONICUS: I would help you if I could, Robertus. The truth is, I need help, myself.

(*Voices are heard, off Left. The two men turn to look.*)

ROBERTUS: H'm! Strangers. Stand aside a moment, Pedronicus.

(*The two move back to up Right, where they are partly concealed from the approaching travelers. JESHUR and MALACHI enter from Right, in earnest conversation. As they enter, MALACHI, the younger, is speaking eagerly, as one possessed with enthusiasm, but vaguely troubled by the other's words.*)

MALACHI: What you have said is doubtless true, Jeshur; we have *not* had time to think through all the meaning of his teachings. Yet I cannot help thinking that if men will but accept the Good News of the Kingdom, it will solve all their problems.

JESHUR (*Mildly*): In that case, Malachi, it is enough for us to *tell* them

the Good News, and not try to solve their problems for them. (*He notices the well.*) Ah, here is water! Let us drink.

(*They go to the well and dip water from a bucket standing on the rim, with a cup they find near by. Meanwhile, ROBERTUS speaks quietly to PEDRONICUS.*)

ROBERTUS (*In a low voice*): The kingdom, is it? We would best look into this "good news!" (*He steps down to Right Center, PEDRONICUS following slowly.*) You are welcome, sirs, to water, and to the hospitality of the village. You are from the next town, perhaps?

JESHUR: Thank you, Captain. No, we are from Capernaum.

ROBERTUS: Capernaum! (*Musing.*) By the shore of Galilee. I have a friend there—a centurion. The last time I saw him he told me of a most extraordinary happening. His servant was ill, and almost given up for dead, when he was brought back to life by a healer called Jesus. Have you heard of him?

(*JESHUR and MALACHI have already shown their recognition of the story; and on the Captain's last word, both speak almost at once.*)

JESHUR: Jesus is our Master!

MALACHI: It is he who sent us forth!

ROBERTUS: Indeed!

PEDRONICUS: And are you also healers?

JESHUR: We have healed a few, sir.

(*JESHUR is trying to decide whether it will be wise to tell the Romans their real business; but MALACHI's eagerness cannot bear delay.*)

MALACHI: We have come to tell the Good News to the people. There are seventy of us—going, two by two, through all the villages.

(*The Captain gives a significant glance at the Augur.*)

PEDRONICUS: And this "good news"—may we hear it also?

MALACHI: Indeed you may, sirs! It is—

(*He is about to go on, but JESHUR has caught the attitude of suspicion on the part of the Captain, and now interrupts suavely.*)

JESHUR: It may be, Malachi, that these officers are in haste, and our news may not concern them.

(*MALACHI looks at JESHUR, his eyes wide with bewilderment. He hesitates, evidently not wishing to be officious, but loath to leave the message unspoken.*)

ROBERTUS (*Watching the two disciples keenly*): We always have time to hear of that which concerns the people—whatever corner of the empire we may be in. Proceed!

MALACHI (*With a quick look at JESHUR*): The Good News, sir, is that Jesus himself is the Messiah, and his kingdom is already here.

ROBERTUS (*Nodding slowly as if he now understands everything*): There have been others who claimed Messiahship.

MALACHI: But none like this man, sir! He speaks with authority, and his life bears witness to his words.

ROBERTUS: His *life*—bears—witness!

MALACHI: Truly he comes to fulfill the Law and the Prophets!

PEDRONICUS: The Prophets! (*Musing.*) "They shall not hurt nor destroy in all my holy mountain. Neither shall they learn war any more." (*He smiles rather sadly at the youth.*) Does your Jesus come to fulfill *this*?

(MALACHI begins to feel himself in a predicament and glances involuntarily at JESHUR.)

JESHUR: The prophecies cannot all be fulfilled at once.

ROBERTUS (*Smiling*): Ah!—then you will leave us—war?

JESHUR: Doubtless, for some time to come.

MALACHI (*As if forced to speak*): But, if the Kingdom really comes, *war must go*, with every other cruel and horrid thing!

ROBERTUS (*Stiffening*): Is that what your master says?

MALACHI (*Hesitating*): I do not know that I have heard him say exactly that, sir, but, you see, the *Law* of the Kingdom is *Love*. When men are ruled by Love, there *can* be no more war!

ROBERTUS: *Love*—the Law? Do you understand all this, Pedronicus?

PEDRONICUS (*To MALACHI*): What do you mean by "Love," young man?

MALACHI: "*Love*?" (*He pauses a moment, a tender smile on his lips, his eyes alight with ecstatic adoration.*) If you could be with Jesus for one day, sir, you would know what Love is. It is his *life*.

ROBERTUS (*Grimly*): He is not a soldier.

PEDRONICUS (*Thoughtfully*): Love and war do not go well together.

MALACHI: No! And that is why there can be no war in the Kingdom!

You see, sir, there can be no hatred, and somehow I think, without hatred, war would cease.

ROBERTUS (*Bewildered*): No hatred!

MALACHI: No! To follow Jesus truly, we must cleanse our hearts of every evil thought. I have heard him say that to feel anger is to be guilty of murder in the heart. And once he said: "If one smite thee on the one cheek, turn to him the other also."

ROBERTUS (*Tauntingly*): And Rome, smitten on the one cheek, by Egypt, or Iran, is to turn the other cheek, and wait for further smiting?

(MALACHI, startled, can find no ready answer.)

JESHUR (*Uneasily*): The Master was speaking to men as individuals, when he said that, not to nations.

MALACHI: But another time, he said, "They that take the sword shall perish with the sword."

ROBERTUS (*Roughly*): If *that* is the sort of thing your master teaches, I can tell you where he will end—where other traitors have ended—on a Roman cross!

(*Both disciples draw back with a quick breath of terror. But in an instant MALACHI lifts his eyes as if rapt in a vision, and speaks with a mystic note of triumph in his voice.*)

MALACHI: Even should that horror come to pass, they could not kill his *Word*, his *Truth*, his *Spirit*. There is something of him *here* (*his clenched hand against his breast*) in us, that *will be shared* with others, and again with others, and so down through the years, until the Kingdom come, in truth.

(*There is a moment's hush, as the other three men gaze at MALACHI, who is still possessed by his inner vision. Into the silence breaks the sound of the martial trumpet, faintly from a distance, and immediately the voice of DEBORAH rises in a wail, and she staggers out from behind the rock; LYRIA, trying to pull her back, is seen by ROBERTUS, who, with the others, has turned toward their place of concealment.*)

DEBORAH: Woe! Woe!

ROBERTUS: Lyria!

LYRIA: Mother!

DEBORAH (*Breaking away from her daughter and coming down to Center blindly, as if in a trance.*) Too long! Too long! These eyes will never see the coming of the Kingdom! Years upon years! I see this plain, our ancient battlefield, made red with blood of soldiers from far distant lands! Romans, Gauls—pale giants from the Western islands, fighting—fighting—through the centuries. Woe! woe! The Kingdom will come *slowly*, but in the end, men shall be governed by the law of Love. The people must be told. Come! Come! (*She moves off, to Right, beckoning the disciples with arm upraised in a mystic gesture to follow her.*)

(*As MALACHI is turning to follow DEBORAH, ROBERTUS speaks harshly.*)

ROBERTUS: Hold! (*To JESHUR*): By what authority do you teach these things?

JESHUR: By the authority of Jesus, who is Christ.

ROBERTUS: And whence comes *his* authority?

JESHUR: From God, who is his Father.

ROBERTUS: *Which god? Your Hebrew Yahweh?*

JESHUR: The *only* God—Creator of the heavens and the earth.

ROBERTUS (*Putting all this aside with a toss of his head*): And I speak with the authority of *Rome*, which is more tangible. Now, hearken well: you may tell this tale of a Messiah—no harm in that. But these ideas about war would not be helpful to the empire in maintaining the *status quo*. They certainly would not help *us* in keeping up the morale of the legions. Therefore, you will omit these points from your teachings. Do you understand?

(JESHUR bows his assent. MALACHI throws his head back defiantly and his eyes flash. ROBERTUS, watching him, goes on with grim emphasis.)

Otherwise, I shall be forced to report your words as—seditious utterances!

(MALACHI is startled at this, and looks uncertainly from ROBERTUS to JESHUR, and then to PEDRONICUS, as if seeking aid in his dilemma. He is breathing hard. JESHUR is evidently fearful lest MALACHI defy the Captain, and he speaks smoothly, but rather hastily.)

JESHUR: I was saying to my young friend as we came into the village, sir, that there are many things in the Master's teaching which we have not yet had opportunity to think through in all their implications. (*Slowly.*) This particular point may require some time—years, even, to interpret satisfactorily to all concerned. In the meantime, there are many other phases of the Good News which we can dwell on, without offense, I am quite sure.

ROBERTUS (*Nodding brusquely*): Very well—see that you follow my instructions. You are at liberty to proceed.

(JESHUR bows to the Romans and turns to go off to Left. MALACHI, puzzled and baffled, follows him silently. ROBERTUS again detains the Augur with a gesture, and after watching the disciples in silence for a moment, he speaks quickly in a low voice.)

ROBERTUS: Pedronicus, we ought to watch those men. They may be of very little importance in themselves, but I feel an unknown power back of them.

PEDRONICUS (*Gazing after the disciples*): You felt it, too?

ROBERTUS (*Disturbed to find the impression was not merely in his own mind*): Oh, it was just a notion! (*Slowly.*) Nevertheless, they should be watched. And *you* must do the watching. Follow them, keep in the background, listen closely, and rejoin the company on

the third day, at the place of which I told you—where we start for the North.

PEDRONICUS (*With a strange, tense quietness*): Yes—I follow them, now, but afterward—I go to find—their master.

ROBERTUS: Pedronicus! Have you gone mad?

PEDRONICUS (*Shaking his head slowly*): No, Robertus. I begin to suspect I have been a little mad for some time. But now—I see a chance of healing, for my mind.

ROBERTUS: Do you mean you would defy my orders—refuse to join the company? Pedronicus! (*Appealing suddenly as to a friend.*) You know the death of a deserter!

PEDRONICUS (*Turning slowly to look at ROBERTUS*): Robertus, I am not a soldier; I am an Augur—a servant of the gods.

ROBERTUS: Don't quote that pretty fiction to me, Pedronicus! You are a servant of the *state*—and Rome does not train Augurs to go about following vagabond holy men!

PEDRONICUS (*He is seeing things clearly now*): Does Rome train *any one* to go about in search of *Truth*? (*Bitterly.*) I have been part of this war-making machine too long. A servant of the gods has other things to do than urging men to battle! (*Pleadingly, a quick affection in his voice.*) Give me a little time, Robertus! I go to seek Jesus, who may help us—both. (*He goes off to Left, and ROBERTUS stands watching him in a bewildered silence.*)

(LYRIA moves out cautiously from her hiding-place, and comes softly, with downcast head, to stand in front of her husband. Her possessive passion has changed into a brooding sadness. She has already passed through the agony of parting.

ROBERTUS too has been steadied, and his love has deepened into a resolve. He looks down at her a moment without speaking, then places his hands on either side of her head and bends to kiss her forehead. He speaks in a deep and tender voice.)

ROBERTUS: Lyria! Listen to me. I am resolved; I cannot give you up! After this expedition to the north, I will come back. And some day (*he smiles almost happily*), when our son is a tall, strong lad, I will come for him, and make him a soldier, like his father—a Roman soldier, lass!

LYRIA (*Drawing away from him quickly, with a cry, almost a scream*): No! Never! (*She is panting, her eyes wild.*)

ROBERTUS (*Gazing at her in astonishment*): What is the matter, Lyria?

LYRIA: No! My baby shall not be a soldier!

ROBERTUS (*His pride wounded*): If he is to be known as my son, he will follow my calling!

LYRIA: Then he shall not be named your son! Better he should grow up fatherless than that!

ROBERTUS: Have you too lost your senses—with the rest of them?

LYRIA: Oh, my dear—my love! Can you not *see*? This legionary's life—this endless fighting—it is taking *you* away from me! And you think to comfort me by promising to take my baby too! (*She is sobbing quietly.*)

ROBERTUS (*Gently*): You cannot keep him always with you, Lyria.

LYRIA: You do not understand! It is not his body only—you would take his *soul*! That young disciple—I saw the light in his eyes! I saw it die! You killed something in him! It was dying in *you* too when I first knew you. It was our love that brought it back to life. Oh, now I see it all! You will go back to Rome—your “Mistress of the World”—your legions—your fighting! But I will teach my boy the ways of peace (*Her face is lifted in a sudden ecstatic memory of MALACHI'S words*), and Love shall be his life. (*After an instant's rapt silence, she turns to ROBERTUS and reaches her arms toward him in an impulsive and appealing gesture; then, seeing that he cannot understand, before he can touch her, she runs quickly off, to Left.*)

(ROBERTUS stands silent, his head sunk forward, his whole figure expressive of deep dejection.)

The sound of the trumpet comes again, faint but insistent, from the distance. At its first note, the Captain's head comes up, and as the call goes on, his chest expands, his back straightens, and he is again the soldier and the officer. While the trumpet is still playing, he marches off to Right, his sword clanking, the very type and symbol of the Legion.

LYRIA moves a few steps after him quickly, her arms outstretched and her lips opened to cry out to him. Then she stops, her hand to her throat, and gazes after him a moment.

As the sound of the trumpet ceases, she repeats her own words breathlessly, as if clinging to a great resolve to keep herself from following ROBERTUS.)

LYRIA: The ways of peace—the ways of peace! And Love—shall be—his life. (*She turns and runs off, to Left.*)

PRAYER.

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